EXTRACTS
from the
TRISTRAM SHANDY,
and
SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY,
of
LAW. STERNE, M. A.

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MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND FAMILY OF THE REV. LAURENCE STERNE.

written by himself.

Roger Sterne, (grandson to Archbishop Sterne) Lieutenant in Handasyde's regiment, was married to Agnes Hebert, widow of a captain of a good family her family name was (I believe) Nuttle—the upon reconciliation, that was the name of her father-in-law, who was a noted sutler in Flanders during Queen Anne's wars, where my father was born—a daughter (n. b. he was in debt to his master when he died) September 5th, 1713, old style—a son—by my grandmother—a fine poetical name—but a grace- I know not what — This is why (if any body) I was born at Clonmel in the south of Ireland, in which town I was born November 24, 1713, a few days after my mother arrived from Dunkirk.—My birth day was ominous to my poor father, who was, that very day, put sadly with many other brave officers, to the test, and forced into the wide world with a wife and two children—the elder of which was Mary, who was born at Lisle in French Flanders, July the ninth, one thousand seven hundred and twelve, new style.—The child was most unfortunate—she married one Weemans in Dublin—who used her most barbarously—spent his substance, became a bankrupt, and left my poor sister to shift for herself—which she was able to do but for a few months for—went to a friend's house in the country, and died of a broken heart. She was a very

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Roger Sterne, (grandson to Archbishop Sterne) Lieutenant in Handaside's regiment, was married to Agnes Hebert, widow of a captain of a good family: her family name was (I believe) Nuttle—tho', upon recollection, that was the name of her father-in-law, who was a noted sutler in Flanders, in Queen Anne's wars, where my father married his wife's daughter (N. B he was in debt to him) which was in September 25, 1711, old style.—This Nuttle had a son by my grandmother—a fine person of a man, but a graceless whelp—what became of him I know not.—The family (if any left) live now at Clonmel in the south of Ireland, at which town I was born November 24, 1713, a few days after my mother arrived from Dunkirk.—My birth day was ominous to my poor father, who was, the day after our arrival, with many other brave officers, broke, and sent adrift into the wide world with a wife and two children—the elder of which was Mary; she was born at Lisle in French Flanders, July the tenth, one thousand seven hundred and twelve, new style.—This child was most unfortunate—she married one Weemans in Dublin—who used her most unmercifully—spent his substance, became a bankrupt, and left my poor sister to shift for herself,—which she was able to do but for a few months, for she went to a friend's house in the country, and died of a broken heart. She was a most

beautiful woman—of a fine figure, and deserved a better fate.—The regiment, in which my father served, being broke, he left Ireland as soon as I was able to be carried, with the rest of his family, and came to the family seat at Elvington, near York, where his mother lived. She was daughter to Sir Roger Jacques, and an heiress. There we sojourned for about ten months, when the regiment was established, and our household decamped with bag and baggage for Dublin—within a month of our arrival, my father left us, being ordered to Exeter, where in a sad winter, my mother and her two children followed him, travelling from Liverpool by land to Plymouth. (Melancholy description of this journey not necessary to be transmitted here.) In twelve months we were all sent back to Dublin.—My mother, with three of us (for she had laid in at Plymouth of a boy, Joram), took ship at Bristol, for Ireland, and had a narrow escape from being cast away by a leak springing up in the vessel.—At length, after many perils and struggles, we reached Dublin.—There my father took a large house, furnished it, and in a year and a half's time spent a great deal of money.—In the year one thousand seven hundred and nineteen, all unhinged again; the regiment was ordered, with many others, to the Isle of White, in order to embark for Spain in the Vigo expedition. We accompanied the regiment, and were driven into Milford-Haven, but landed at Bristol, from thence by land to Plymouth again, and to the Isle of White—where I remember we staid encamped some time before the embarkation of the troops (in this expedition from Bristol to Hampshire we lost poor Joram—a pretty boy, four years old, of

the small-pox): my mother, sister, and myself remained at the Isle of White during the Vigo expedition, and until the regiment had returned to Wicklow in Ireland, from whence my father sent for us.—We had poor Joram's loss supplied during our stay in the Isle of White, by the birth of a girl, Anne, born September the twenty-third, one thousand seven hundred and nineteen.—This pretty blossom fell at the age of three years, in the barracks of Dublin—she was, as I well remember, of a fine delicate frame, not made to last long, as were most of my father's babes.—We embarked for Dublin, and had all been cast away by a most violent storm, but through the intercessions of my mother, the captain was prevailed on to turn back into Wales, where we staid a month, and at length arrived at Dublin, and travelled by land to Wicklow, where my father had for some weeks given us over for lost.—We lived in the barracks at Wicklow one year (one thousand seven hundred and twenty), when Devijeher (so called after Colonel Devijeher) was born: and from thence we decamped to stay half a year with Mr. Featherston, a clergyman, about seven miles from Wicklow, who being a relation of my mother's, invited us to his parsonage at Animo.—It was in this parish, during our stay, that I had that wonderful escape in falling through a mill-race, whilst the mill was going, and of being taken up unhurt—the story is incredible, but known for truth in all that part of Ireland—where hundreds of the common people flocked to see me.—From hence we followed the regiment to Dublin, where we lay in the barracks a year.—In this year, one thousand seven hundred and twenty-one, I learned to write, &c.—The regiment

ordered in twenty-two to Carrickfergus in the north of Ireland, we all decamped, but went no further than Drogheda; thence ordered to Mullengar, forty miles west, where by Providence we stumbled on a kind relation, a collateral descendant from Archbishop Sterne, who took us all to his castle, and kindly entreated us for a year—and sent us to the regiment at Carrickfergus, loaded with kindnesses, &c.—A most rueful and tedious journey had we all, in March, to Carrickfergus, where we arrived in six or seven days. —Little Devijcher here died; he was three years old: —he had been left behind at nurse at a farm-house near Wicklow, but was fetched to us by my father the summer after.—Another child was sent to fill his place, Susan; this babe too left us behind in this weary journey. The autumn of that year, or the spring afterwards (I forget which), my father obtained leave of his colonel to fix me at school—which he did near Halifax, with an able master; with whom I staid some time, till by God's care of me my cousin Sterne, of Elvington, became a father to me, and sent me to the university, &c. &c. To pursue the thread of our story, my father's regiment was the year after ordered to Londonderry, where another sister was brought forth, Catherine, still living, but most unhappily estranged from me by my uncle's wickedness and her own folly.—From this station the regiment was sent to defend Gibraltar, at the siege, where my father was run through the body by captain Phillips, in a duel (the quarrel began about a goose). With much difficulty he survived—tho' with an impaired constitution, which was not able to withstand the hardships it was put to—for he was sent to Jamaica, where he

soon fell by the country fever, which took away his senses first, and made a child of him, and then, in a month or two, walking about continually without complaining, till the moment he sat down in an arm-chair, and breathed his last—which was at Port Antonio, on the north of the island.—My father was a little smart man—active to the last degree, in all exercises—most patient of fatigue and disappointments, of which it pleased God to give him full measure.—He was in his temper somewhat rapid, and hasty—but of a kindly, sweet disposition, void of all design; and so innocent in his own intentions, that he suspected no one; so that you might have cheated him ten times in a day, if nine had not been sufficient for your purpose.—My poor father died in March 1731.—I remained at Halifax till about the latter end of that year, and cannot omit mentioning this anecdote of myself and school-master.—He had had the ceiling of the school-room new white-washed—the ladder remained there—I one unlucky day mounted it, and wrote with a brush in large capital letters, LAU. STERNE, for which the usher severely whipped me. My master was very much hurt at this, and said, before me, that never should that name be effaced, for I was a boy of genius, and he was sure I should come to preferment—this expression made me forget the stripes I had received.—In the year thirty-two my cousin sent me to the university, where I staid some time. 'T was there that I commenced a friendship with Mr. H——, which has been most lasting on both sides—I then came to York, and my uncle procured for me the living of Sutton—and at York I became acquainted with your mother, and courted her for two years—she

owned she liked me, but thought herself not rich enough, or me too poor, to be joined together.—She went to her sister's in S——, and I wrote to her often —I believe then she was partly determined to have me, but would not say so.—At her return she fell into a consumption—and one evening that I was sitting by her with an almost broken heart to see her so ill, she said, "My dear Lawrey, I can never be your's, for I verily believe I have not long to live—but I have left you every shilling of my fortune;"—on that she shewed me her will.—This generosity overpowered me.—It pleased God that she recovered, and I married her in the year one thousand seven hundred and forty-one. My uncle and myself were then upon very good terms, for he soon obtained for me the Prebendary of York—but he quarrelled with me afterwards, because I would not write paragraphs in the newspapers.—Tho' he was a party-man, I was not, and detested such dirty work, thinking it beneath me:—from that period he became my bitterest enemy.—By my wife's means I obtained the living of Stillington —A friend of her's in the south had promised her, that if she married a clergyman in Yorkshire, when the living became vacant, he would make her a compliment of it. I remained near twenty years at Sutton, doing duty at both places—I had then very good health.—Books, painting, fiddling, and shooting were my amusements. As to the 'squire of the parish, I cannot say we were upon a very friendly footing—but at Stillington, the family of the C——'s shewed us every kindness—'t was most truly agreeable to be within a mile and a half of an amiable family, who were ever cordial friends.—In the year one thousand

seven hundred and sixty I took a house at York for your mother and yourself, and went up to London to publish my two first volumes of Shandy. In that year Lord P—— presented me with the curacy of Coxwold—a sweet retirement in comparison of Sutton. In sixty-two I went to France before the peace was concluded, and you both followed me.—I left you both in France, and in two years after I went to Italy for the recovery of my health—and when I called upon you, I tried to engage your mother to return to England with me.—She and yourself are at length come—and I have had the inexpressible joy of seeing my girl every thing I wished her.

I have set down these particulars relating to my family, and self, for my LYDIA, *in case hereafter she might have a curiosity, or a kinder motive to know them.*

To Mr. Sterne's *own* account of himself we take the liberty of adding some other particulars of his life and character. At school he would only apply to his tasks when he pleased; from the academy, in proper course of time, he was removed to the University; where he was tolerably attentive to study, laughed much, and sometimes amused himself with puzzling his tutors. He left Cambridge with the character of a singular man, without guile, who possessed considerable talents, and could exercise them whenever he thought proper. After his ordination, he rested himself quietly in the lap of the church; and, if it was not covered by a velvet cushion, with golden fringes and tassels, yet to a man of his easy disposition, it

was not destitute of repose and security. In this situation he waited patiently till time or chance should raise him to what they pleased. Soon an occasion offered; for he fell into a dispute, which caused him to feel his own importance, and to which the public, perhaps are indebted for the origin of *Tristram Shandy*. Friendship, not his own immediate concerns, excited Mr. Sterne's interference. A person, who filled a lucrative benefice, exerted all his interest to have it entailed on his wife and son after his decease. The friend of Yorick expected the reversion of this living, but had not influence to prevent the success of his adversary. In this state of the contention, Yorick attacked the monopolizer in a little satirical production, which he intitled *The History of a good warm Watch-Coat, with which the possessor could not be content to cover his own body, unless he might also cut out of it a Petticoat for his wife, and likewise a Pair of Breeches for his son.*" This had the desired effect; the knowledge of its contents soon came to the ears of the unreasonable claimant; who immediately sent to the author, promising, if he would suppress the publication of it, he would desist from all further contention. Yorick sent back word, that the gentleman might rest satisfied he had already thrown it into the fire, because it was too harsh and ill-natured. This action was considered as a proof of the goodness of Yorick's heart, and raised his reputation more than any thing he could have written on the occasion. It appears, however, that he afterwards committed his ideas on this occasion to paper. An incident occured about the same time which contributed much to establish his reputation for wit. There was a

coffee-room in the principal inn, which gentlemen frequented to read the newspapers. One of the greatest enjoyments of Yorick's life was spending an inoffensive hour in a snug corner of that room. One of the officers of a troop of horse, at that time quartered in the town, frequented the same place. He was a gay young man, spoiled by the free education of the world, but not destitute of good qualities. This young gentleman was remarkable for the freedom of his conversation, and pointed reflections on the clergy. The modest Yorick was often constrained to hear toasts he could not approve, and conversations of an extremely disagreeable nature. From such company he generally kept aloof, or pretended deafness. The Captain was a strict observer of his conduct, and was resolved it should no longer avail him. He therefore took a station which might prevent Yorick's retreat, and immediately began a profane indecent tale, at the expense of the clerical profession. During the recital he fixed his eyes stedfastly on Yorick, who pretended, for some time, not to notice his ill manners. When that became impossible, he turned to the military intruder, and gravely said, "Now, sir, I 'll tell you *my* story. My father is an officer, and so brave himself, that he is fond of every thing else that is brave, even his dog. You must know, sir, that we have at this time one of the finest dogs in the world; the most spirited, yet the best natured that can be imagined; so lively that he charms every body. But he has one cursed trick which throws a deep shade over every good quality he possesses." "Pray, sir, what may that be?" interrogated the young officer. "He never sees a clergyman, but he instantly flies at him," answered

Yorick. "Pray, how long has he had that trick?" "Why, sir," replied the divine, with a significant look, "*ever since he was a puppy.*" The warrior for once blushed; and, after a pause, said, "Doctor, I thank you for your hint;—give me your hand, I'll never rail at a parson again while I live."

Mr Sterne was fortunate enough to obtain some good livings, having enjoyed so early as 1745, the vicarage of Sutton in the Forest of Galtrees, where he usually performed divine service on Sunday mornings, and in the afternoon he preached at the rectory at Stillington, which he held as one of the prebends of York, in which capacity he also assisted regularly, in his turn, at the cathedral. Thus he lived a decent and becoming ornament of the church, till his Rabelaisian spirit, issuing from the press, introduced him to the gaieties and frivolities of the world. His fame was already greatly celebrated within the circle of his acquaintance; but it had not reached the capital, till some time after his two first volumes of *Tristram Shandy* had made their appearance. They were printed at York, and proposed to the booksellers there at a very moderate price; such judges however were those gentlemen of their value, that they scarcely offered the price of paper and printing; thus the work made its way into the world, by its intrinsic merit, without any of the artifices which are often practised to put off an edition. A large impression being almost instantaneously sold, the booksellers were roused from their lethargy, and every one was eager to purchase the second edition of the copy. In 1759 Mr. Sterne visited London to publish them, where he sold the impression for six hundred pounds, tho' he had

been refused fifty pounds at York, for the property of the volumes and all the copies of the first edition.

The two first volumes of *Tristram Shandy* were now in every body's hands. All read, most admired, but few understood them. Those who had not entered into the ludicrous manner of Rabelais, or the poignant satire of Swift, could not comprehend them; so joined in the general voice of surprise and approbation. Even the reviewers, among much abuse, recommended Mr. Shandy as a writer "infinitely more ingenious and entertaining than any other of the present race of novelists;" adding, "his characters were striking and singular, his observations shrewd and pertinent, and, making a few exceptions, that his humour was easy and genuine." The publication of these two volumes established Mr. Sterne's celebrity. He was considered as an extraordinary genius: his company was courted by the great, the literati, the witty, and the gay. The more grave and rigid of mankind indeed condemned this ludicrous performance, and judged it incompatible with that purity and morality which should ever accompany the writings of gentlemen of the gown; but these censures were far from being universal, even among the clergy; and the acquaintance he made by this publication, were in many respects advantageous to him. Among others, the Earl of Falconberg so particularly patronized the author of this work, that, to testify his approbation, he presented Mr. Sterne with the rectory of Cawood, near York, which was an agreeable and convenient addition to his other livings. His next publication consisted of two volumes of *Sermons*, which the snarling tribe of illiberal and profligate critics

could not help applauding for the purity and elegance of their style, and their moral excellence: the manner in which they were ushered to public notice was, by some, severely condemned, whilst others lamented, that such excellent discourses should stand in need of any introduction. Mr. Sterne, in his preface to the *Sermons*, acquaints the reader, that "The sermon which gave rise to the publication of these, having been offered to the public as a sermon of Yorick's, he hoped the most serious reader would find nothing to offend him in his continuing those two volumes under the same title: lest it should be otherwise, I have added a second title-page, with the real name of the author:—the first will serve the bookseller's purpose, as Yorick's name *is* possibly of the two the *more known*;—and the second will ease the minds of those who see a *jest*, and the *danger* which lurks under it, *where no jest was meant*. When the third and fourth volumes of *Tristram Shandy* made their appearance, the public was not quite so eager in purchasing and applauding them, as they had been with respect to the two first volumes. The novelty of the style and manner no longer remained; his digressions were by many considered as tedious, and his asterisks too obscure; nay, some invidious critics, pretended, yet in truth were not able to point them out, that they were too indelicate for the eye of Chastity. But Mr. Sterne, in an advertisement to the last sermon in the fourth volume, calls *Tristram Shandy*, "a moral work, more read than understood." He had undoubtedly a great number of admirers; which encouraged him to publish a fifth and sixth volume. Their satire was still poignant, spirited, and in gener-

al extremely just. The characters, tho' somewhat overcharged, were lively and natural, that of Captain Tobias Shandy, in particular, is by many judges preferred to Sir Roger de Coverley's by Addison, which has been considered as inimitable. He constantly caught the ridiculous, wherever he found it; and he never failed to present it to his readers in the most agreeable and vivid colours. His story of Le Fevre was highly finished, and truly pathetic; and would alone rescue his name from oblivion, if his *Sermons*, to which he had added two volumes more, were not considered as the best of moral discourses. The seventh, eight, and ninth volumes did not complete that work; so that what had been said on the publication of his first volumes became verified: "Mr. Shandy seems so extremely fond of digressions, and of giving his historical readers the slip on all occasions, that we are not a little apprehensive he may, some time or other, give them the slip in good earnest, and leave the work before the story be finished."

In these volumes Mr. Sterne carries his readers through France, and introduces some scenes and characters which are afterwards taken up in the *Sentimental Journey*, particularly that of *Maria*: so that this may, in some measure, be considered as a continuation of the *Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*. During his travels through France, he received from the most distinguished characters, every mark of distinction and respect. He proposed residing at Toulouse with his family, for the recovery of his health: he rambled, however, to Montpellier; from thence to Paris; and in 1764, returned to England. After his return, he gave the world, in 1767, his *Sentimental Journey*, the

fruit of his peregrinations, which he had written the preceding summer at Coxwold. His health had been for some time declining, but he continued to visit his friends, and retained his usual flow of spirits.

As Mr. Sterne advanced in literary fame, he left his livings to the care of his curates: and tho' he acquired some thousands by his productions, being a character very distant from an œconomist, his savings were no greater at the end of the year, than when he had no other support but the single vicarage of Sutton.

Indeed his travelling expenses abroad, and the luxurious manner in which he lived with the gay and polite at home, greatly promoted the dissipation of a very considerable sum which his writings had produced, and which might have been a future assistance to his family. An author is best seen in his writings. In Mr. Sterne's we discover that he was possessed of a quick, a lively sensibility; his affections were perpetually "flying out and kindling at every group before him;" "were I in a desart," says he, "I would find out wherewith to call forth my affections—if I could do no better, I would fasten them upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress to connect myself to—I would court their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection—I would cut my name upon them, and swear they were the lovliest trees throughout the desart: if their leaves withered, I would teach myself to mourn, and when they rejoiced I would rejoice with them." Possessing such sensibilities, we should not be surprised to find him attaching himself to the fair and amiable part of the female sex, wherever he met with them, for he has said, "There is not a man upon earth, who loves

them so much as I do: after all the foibles I have seen, and all the satires I have read against them, still I love them; being firmly persuaded that a man who has not a sort of an affection for the whole sex, is incapable of ever loving a single one as he ought." We shall not undertake to determine whether this sentiment be right, but it is evident Mrs. Sterne did not think it so, for we find that she had separated from him either through indisposition or pique, and with her daughter resided for some years before his death in a convent in France, on a pension which Mr. Sterne allowed them. It is tolerably evident this separation was not painful to Mr. Sterne. We may reasonably conjecture, his lady was not so "gentle and unreproaching," or possessed of that "pleasurable ductility which spreads calmness over the spirits." He asserts, that "It had ever been one of the singular blessings of his life to be almost every hour of it miserably in love with one princess or another, and his last flame happening to be blown out by a *whiff of jealousy* on the sudden turn of a corner, he had lighted it up afresh at the pure taper of Eliza, as he always between one passion and another perceived his heart locked up, scarcely finding in it to give Misery a sixpence, but the moment he was rekindled, he was all generosity and good-will again; and would do any thing in the world either for, or with any one, if they would but satisfy him there was no sin in it.—And ye whose clay-cold heads and luke-warm hearts can argue down or mask your passions,—tell me what trespass is it that man should have them? or how his spirit stands answerable to the Father of spirits, but for his conduct under them? "If

Nature has so wove her web of kindness, that some threads of love and desire are entangled with the piece—must the whole web be rent in drawing them out?—Whip me such stoics, great Governor of nature!—Wherever thy providence shall place me for the trials of my virtue—whatever is my danger—whatever is my situation—let me feel the movements which rise out of it, and which belong to me as a man—and if I govern them as a good one—I will trust the issues to thy justice, for thou hast made us—and not we ourselves." At his death, his widow and daughter, an agreeable young lady then about sixteen, returned to England in order to publish his posthumous works. At York, some humane gentlemen, friends and admirers of the matchless Yorick, were affected by their disagreeable situation, and made them a present of a purse containing a thousand pounds. This unexpected and generous supply, added to a very extensive subscription of the nobility and gentry to three additional volumes of *Sermons* (which tho' not equal to the four selected and published by Mr. Sterne, yet have great merit), afforded a sufficient provision to enable them to support themselves in their late recluse manner of life, to which they determined to return. About a year after the publication of the three volumes of *Sermons*, there appeared two volumes, entitled, "The posthumous Works of a late celebrated Genius," the *modesty* of the editor preventing him either from calling them Mr. Sterne's or affixing his own name, tho' the general conjecture, which arises almost to a certainty, has placed them to the account of Mr. R-ch-rd Gr-ff-th. It is a disgraceful truth, that even

during the life of an author who may have acquired any degree of fame, attempts are often made by prostitute scribblers to obtrude their crude performances on the public under his name; and on the death of such an author the practice is still more common. The "Letters from Yorick to Eliza," tho' a much later publication, has greater appearances of authenticity.

Mr. Sterne has drawn his own character (under the name of Yorick) with great happiness and skill, we will take the liberty of introducing it here, the better to complete our account of the author and his works:

—"This is all that ever staggered my faith in regard to Yorick's extraction, who, by what I can remember of him, and by all the accounts I could ever get of him, seem'd not to have had one single drop of Danish blood in his whole crasis; in nine hundred years it might possibly have all run out:—I will not philosophize one moment with you about it; for happen how it would, the fact was this:—that instead of that cold phlegm and exact regularity of sense and humours, you would have look'd for, in one so extracted—he was, on the contrary, as mercurial and sublimated a composition,—as heteroclite a creature in all his declensions—with as much life and whim, and *gaité de cœur* about him, as the kindliest climate could have engendered and put together. With all this sail, poor Yorick carried not one ounce of ballast; he was utterly unpractised in the world; and at the age of twenty-six, knew just about as well how to steer his course in it, as a romping unsuspicious girl of thirteen: so that on his first setting out, the brisk gale of his spirits, as you will imagine, ran him foul ten times in a day of some

body's tackling; and as the grave and more slow-paced were oftenest in his way—you may likewise imagine, 'twas with such he generally had the ill luck to get the most entangled. For aught I know there might be some mixture of unlucky wit at the bottom of such *Fracas*—for, to speak the truth, Yorick had an invincible dislike and opposition in his nature to gravity;—not to gravity as such—for where gravity was wanted, he would be the most grave and serious of mortal men for days and weeks together;—but he was an enemy to the affectation of it, and declared open war against it, only as it appeared a cloak for ignorance, or for folly; and then, whenever it fell in his way, however sheltered and protected, he seldom gave it much quarter. "Sometimes in his wild way of talking, he would say that gravity was an arrant scoundrel; and he would add,—of the most dangerous kind too,—because a sly one; and that he verily believed more honest, well-meaning people were bubbled out of their goods and money by it in one twelvemonth, than by pocket-picking and shop-lifting in seven. In the naked temper which a merry heart discovered, he would say, There was no danger—but to itself:—whereas the very essence of gravity was design, and consequently deceit;—'t was a taught trick to gain credit of the world for more sense and knowledge than a man was worth; and that, with all its pretensions,—it was no better, but often worse, than what a French wit had long ago defined it,—viz. *A mysterious carriage of the body to cover the defects of the mind;*—which definition of gravity, Yorick, with great imprudence, would say deserved to be wrote in letters of gold. "But in plain truth, he was

a man unhackneyed and unpractised in the world, and was altogether as indiscreet and foolish on every other subject of discourse where policy it wont to impress restraint. Yorick had no impression but one, and that was what arose from the nature of the deed spoken of; which impression he would usually translate into plain English without any periphrasis,—and too oft without much distinction of either personage, time, or place;—so that when mention was made of a pitiful or an ungenerous proceeding,—he never gave himself a moment's time to reflect who was the hero of the piece—what his station—or how far he had power to hurt him hereafter;—but if it was a dirty action,—without more ado,—The man was a dirty fellow—and so on:—and as his comments had usually the ill fate to be terminated either in a *bon mot*, or to be enlivened throughout with some drollery or humour of expression, it gave wings to Yorick's indiscretion. In a word, tho' he never sought, yet, at the same time, as he seldom shunn'd occasions of saying what came uppermost, and without much ceremony,—he had but too many temptations in life, of scattering his wit and his humour,—his gibes and his jests about him:—they were not lost for want of gathering." In February 1768, Mr. Sterne began to perceive the approaches of death; and, after a short struggle with his disorder, his debilitated and worn-out frame submitted to fate on the 18th day of March, 1768, at his lodgings in Bond-street, in the same manner exactly as he lived, the same indifferent careless creature; not appearing the least affected with his situation. He was indeed eminently possessed of that "sweet pliability of spirit,

that can at once surrender itself to illusions, which cheat Expectation and Sorrow of their weary moments!—long—long since (said he) had ye numbered out my days, had I not trode so great a part of them upon this enchanted ground: when my way is too rough for my feet, or too steep for my strength, I get off it, to some smooth velvet path which Fancy has scattered over with rose-buds of delights; and having taken a few turns in it, come back strengthened and refreshed." He was buried privately in a new burying ground belonging to the parish of St. George's Hanover-square, on the 22d of the same month, at twelve o'clock at noon, attended only by two gentlemen in a mourning-coach, no bell tolling. His works abound with mysteriousness and indelicacy; yet their moral, sentimental, satirical, and pathetic parts will continue a public, a lasting monument, and remain immortal, when those of Rabelais and Cervantes are forgotten! their characters were drawn from the particular genius of the times, but Sterne drew his from nature.

About the time of Sterne's exit the Monthly Reviewers had sent part of their criticism on the *Sentimental Journey*, (the last of his works) to press; in the continuation of their remarks, April 1768, (perhaps in some measure to mitigate the severity and illiberality of their censures bestowed on most of Sterne's works, and perhaps reflecting that the world, in defiance of a literary tribunal, had decided very differently) make the following beautiful and affecting reflections. "" Alas, poor Yorick! a fellow of infinite jest; of most excellent fancy; where are your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table

in a roar?" poor Yorick! little did we imagine, while lately indulging the play of fancy, in a review of thy *Sentimental Journey*, that *thou* wert then setting out on thy *last* journey, to that far country from whose bourn no traveller returns! Little did we think that in those very moments, so pleasing to us, thou, thyself, wert expiring on the bed of mortal pain,—breathing out thy once mirthful soul, and resigning all thy jocund faculties to the ruthless tyrant with whom *there is no* JESTING:—alas, poor Yorick!" Remarking that a ludicrous *hiatus* ends the *Sentimental Journey*, the Reviewers add, "which the whimsical writer had scarcely closed, before the fatal *hiatus* of DEATH put at once a final period to the ramblings and the writings of the inimitable Laurence Sterne; to whom we must now bid an eternal adieu!—Farewell, then, admirable Yorick! Be thy wit, thy benevolence, and every blameless part of thy *life* and thy *works*, remembered:—but, on the imperfections of *both*, "may the recording angel drop a tear, and blot them out for ever!" "] A monument very unworthy of his memory has been since erected, on which the following lines are inscribed.

"Near to this place lies
the Body of
THE REVEREND LAURENCE STERNE, M. A.
Died September 13th, 1768,*
aged 53 years.
"*Ah! molliter ossa quiescant.*"

"If a sound head, warm heart, and breast humane,
unsullied worth, and soul without a stain:
if mental powers could ever justly claim
the well-won tribute of immortal fame,

* It is scarcely necessary to observe that this date is erroneous.

Sterne was the man, who with gigantic stride
mow'd down luxuriant follies far and wide.
Yet what, tho' keenest knowledge of mankind,
unseal'd to him the springs that move the mind;
what did it cost him? ridicul'd, abus'd,
by fools insulted, and by prudes accus'd.
In his, mild reader, view thy future fate,
like him despise what 't were a sin to hate.

"This monumental stone was erected by two brother masons; for altho' he did not live to be a member of their society, yet as his alli-ncomparable performances evidently prove him to have acted by rule and square, they rejoice in this opportunity of perpetuating his high and irreproachable character to after ages. *W. & S.*"

Garrick, who was the intimate friend and admirer of Sterne, wrote the following epitaph for him.

"Shall pride a heap of sculptur'd marble raise,
some worthless, unmourn'd titled fool to praise;
and shall we not by one poor grave-stone learn,
where Genius, Wit, and Humour sleep with *Sterne?*"

Some drivelling poetaster wrote the following couplet on the Death of Yorick.

"Wit, Humour, Genius hadst thou, all agree;
one grain of Wisdom had been worth the three."

An able retaliation, however, afterwards appeared, which we shall now give.

To the Author of the above lines, on the death of Mr. Yorick.

"So!—this is Wisdom—to insult the dead;
heap fancied crimes upon a mortal's head:
well—be it so—such wisdom—and such art
shall never—never shall approach my heart;
whatever Yorick's lot, in whate'er state,
I 'd gladly risk it in the hour of fate.

Sooner than join with thee,—I would say rather
unto Corruption—thou shalt be my father!
"Be thine, the avenging angel's lot, decreed
to point each fault, and aggravate each deed:
angel of Mercy!—thy sweet task be mine
to blot them, ere they reach the throne divine." *

Yorick, farewell! peace dwell around thy stone;
accept this tribute from a friend unknown.
In human breasts, while Pity has a claim,
Le Beau's story shall enhance thy fame:
Toby's benevolence each heart expand,
and faithful Trim confess the master's hand.
"One generous tear unto the Monk you gave;
oh let me weed this nettle from thy grave!" †

There are authors of considerable talents and respectability, who bestow infinite labour in making discoveries of similarities, and imitations, and plagiarisms, endeavouring to tumble headlong the fair and elegant erections of another's popularity, and who vauntingly would raise therefrom, to their own memory, obelisks of eternal fame. But the credit to be acquired by such means is precarious. To an author who has impressed on our minds indeliable principles of refined morality, sensibility, sympathy, humanity, and tenderness, and who has occasionally exhilerated our spirits by the sportive sallies of genuine humour and wit, we can never become indifferent. Compared with these pleasures, and these advantages, we reflect on the fastidiousness of depreciation, narrow criticism and far-fetched comparison, with indifference or dislike. We think these remarks are not wholly inapplicable to some recent attacks on the celebrity of Sterne.

* Vide Tristram Shandy. † See Sentimental Journey.

LE FEVRE.

——He was one evening sitting at his supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack: T' is for a poor gentleman, —I think, of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste any thing till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast;—*I think*, said he, taking his hand from his forehead, *it would comfort me.*—

—If I could neither beg, borrow, or buy such a thing, —added the landlord,—I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill.—I hope in God he will still mend, continued he,—we are all of us concerned for him. Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle Toby, and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself,—and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good. Tho' I am persuaded, said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim,—yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time, should win so much on the affections of his host:—And of his whole family, added the coporal, for they are all concerned for him—Step af-

ter him, said my uncle Toby,—do Trim—and ask if he knows his name.— I have quite forgot it, truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal,—but I can ask his son again. —Has he a son with him then? said my uncle Toby.— A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age;—but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father;—he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day:—he has not stirred from the bed-side these two days. My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took it away without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

—Stay in the room a little, said my uncle Toby.— Trim!—said my uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe and smoked about a dozen whiffs.—Trim came in front of his master and made his bow;—my uncle Toby smoked on and said no more.—Corporal! said my uncle Toby.—The corporal made his bow.—My uncle Toby proceeded no farther,—but finished his pipe. Trim! said my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman.—Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on, since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate at St. Nicholas;—and besides it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 't will be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's tor-

ment in your groin. I fear so, replied my uncle Toby, but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me.—I wish I had not known so much of this affair,—added my uncle Toby,—or that I had known more of it:—how shall we manage it?—Leave it, an' please your honour, to me, quoth the corporal;—I 'll take my hat and stick and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.—Thou shalt go, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and here 's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant.—I shall get it all out of him, said the corporal, shutting the door. My uncle Toby filled his second pipe; and had it not been, that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering, whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tenaile a straight line, as a crooked one,—he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked it. It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account. I despaired at first, said the corporal of being able to bring back to your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant.—Is he in the army then? said my uncle Toby.—He is, said the corporal.—And in what regiment? said my uncle Toby.—I 'll tell your honour, replied the corporal, every thing straight forwards, as I learnt it.—Then, Trim, I 'll fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window-seat, and begin thy story again. The corporal made

his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it—*Your honour is good:*—and having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered,—and began the story to my uncle Toby over again, in pretty near the same words. I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour, about the lieutenant and his son: for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked.—That 's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby.—I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him;—that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, on finding himself unable to proceed, (to join I suppose, the regiment) he had dismissed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man,—we can hire horses from hence.—But, alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me,—for I heard the death-watch all night long;—and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of;—but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth.—Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for that purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it.—I believe, sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself.—I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.—The youth took hold of my hand, and

instantly burst into tears,—Poor youth! said my uncle Toby,—he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend;—I wish I had him here. —I never in the longest march, said the corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company:—what could be the matter with me, an' please your honour? Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose,—but that thou art a good natured fellow. When I gave him the toast, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour (tho' a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father;—and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar—(and thou mightest have added my purse too, said my uncle Toby)—he was heartily welcome to it:—he made a very low bow, (which was meant to your honour) but no answer,—for his heart was full—so he went up stairs with the toast;—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen door, your father will be well again.—Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire,—but said not a word good, or bad, to comfort the youth.—I thought it wrong, added the corporal.—I think so too, said my uncle Toby. When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen to let me know, that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs.—I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers,—for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-side, and as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion.— I thought,

said the curate, that you gentleman of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all.—I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—Are you sure of it, replied the curate.—A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson;—and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason, to pray to God, of any one in the whole world.—'T was well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby.—But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water,—or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches;—harrassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day;—harrassing others to-morrow;—detached here;—countermanded there;—resting this night out upon his arms;—beat up in his shirt the next;—benumbed in his joints;—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel upon;—must say his prayers *how* and *when* he can.—I believe, said I,—for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army, I believe, an' please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray, he prays as heartily as a parson,—tho' not with all his fuss and hypocrisy.—Thou should'st not have said that, Trim, said my uncle Toby,—for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not:—at the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of Judgment (and not till then)—it will be seen who have done their duties in this world, and who have not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.—I hope we shall, said

Trim.—It is in the scripture, said my uncle Toby; and I will shew it thee to-morrow;—in the mean time, we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,—it will never be inquired into,—whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one.—I hope not, said the corporal:—but go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with thy story.

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes,—he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it.—The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling.—The book was laid upon the bed,—and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time.—Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant. He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bed-side:—If you are Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me:—if he was of Leven's—said the lieutenant.—I told him your honour was—then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him,—but 't is most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.—You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's—but he knows me

not,—said he, a second time, musing:—possibly he may my story—added he—pray tell the captain, I was the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.—I remember the story, an' please your honour, said I very well.—Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—then well may I.—In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kissed it twice.—Here, Billy, said he—the boy flew across the room to the bed-side, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too,—then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept. I wish, said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh,—I wish, Trim, I was asleep. Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned;—shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe?—Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby. I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted;—and particularly well, that, he, as well as she, on some account or other (I forgot what), was universally pitied by the whole regiment;—but finish the story thou art on:—'T is finished already, said the corporal,—for I could stay no longer,—so wished his honour a good night; young Le Fevre rose from off the bed and saw me to the bottom of the stairs;—and as we went down together, told me, they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders.—But, alas! said the corporal,—the lieutenant's last day's march is over.—Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle

Toby. It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour,—tho' I tell it only for the sake of those who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not for their souls which way in the world to turn themselves—that notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who pressed their's on so vigorously, that they scarcely allowed him time to get his dinner—that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, tho' he had already made a lodgement upon the counterscarp;—and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn; and, except that he ordered the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade—he left Dendermond to itself,—to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son. —That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompence thee for this. Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed,—and I will tell thee in what, Trim.—In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre,—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knewest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay,—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.—Your honour knows, said the corporal, I had no orders:—True, quoth my uncle Toby, thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier,—but

certainly very wrong as a man. In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby,—when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house,—thou shouldst have offered him my house too:—a sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim, and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him:—thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim,—and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.— In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling,—he might march.—He will never march, an' please your honour, in this world, said the corporal:—He *will* march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off.—An' please your honour, said the corporal, he will never march but to his grave:—He *shall* march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, tho' without advancing an inch,—he shall march to his regiment.—He cannot stand it, said the corporal.—He shall be *supported* said my uncle Toby.—He 'll drop at last, said the corporal, and what will become of his boy?—*He shall not drop*, said my uncle Toby, firmly.—A-well-a-day, do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point,—the poor soul will die.—*He shall not die, by God!* cried my uncle Toby.—The Accusing Spirit, which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blush'd as he gave it in;—and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.—My uncle Toby went to his bureau,—put his purse into his breeches-pocket, and having ordered the cor-

poral to go early in the morning for a physician,—he went to bed, and fell asleep. The sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death press'd heavy upon his eye-lids,—and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle,—when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface, or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bed-side, and independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him:—and without giving him time to answer any one of the enquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.—

—You shall go home directly, Le Fevre, said my uncle Toby, to my house,—and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter,—and we'll have an apothecary,—and the corporal shall be your nurse,—and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby,—not the *effect* of familiarity, but the cause of it,—which let you at once into his soul, and shewed you the goodness of his nature; to this there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his

coat, and was pulling it towards him.—The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to the last citadel, the heart,—rallied back,—the film forsook his eyes for a moment,—he looked up wistfully in my uncle Toby's face—then cast a look upon his boy,—and that *ligament*, fine as it was,—was never broken.

Nature instantly ebb'd again—the film return'd to its place,—the pulse fluttered—stopp'd—went on—throbb'd—stopp'd again—moved—stopp'd—shall I go on? No.

THE MONK,

at Calais.

———I had scarcely uttered these words, when a poor monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room to beg something for his convent. The moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was predetermined not to give him a single sous; and accordingly, I put my purse into my pocket—buttoned it up—set myself a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him; there was something, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better. The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonsure, a few scattered white hairs upon his temples, being all that remained of it, might be about seventy—but from his eyes and that sort of fire which was in them, which seemed more tempered by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty.—Truth might lie between.—He was certainly

sixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted—mild—pale—penetrating, free from all common-place ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth—it looked forwards; but looked as if it looked at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, Heaven above who let it fall upon a monk's shoulders, best knows: but it would have suited a bramin, and had I met it upon the plains of Indostan, I had reverenced it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to design, for it was neither elegant, or otherwise, but as character and expression made it so: it was a thin, spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forwards in the figure—but it was the attitude of intreaty; and as it now stands presented to my imagination, it gained more than it lost by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast (a slender white staff with which he journeyed being in his right) when I had advanced close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order—and did it with so simple a grace—and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure—I was bewitched not to have been struck with it.—A better reason was, I had predetermined not to give him a single sous.—It is very true, said I, replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address—it is very

true—and Heaven be their resource who have no other but the charity of the world, the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many *great claims* which are hourly made upon it.—As I pronounced the words *great claims*, he gave a slight glance with his eye downwards upon the sleeve of his tunic—I felt the full force of the appeal.—I acknowledge it, said I—a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet—are no great matters; and the true point of pity is, as they can be earned in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm—the captive, who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the *order of mercy*, instead of the order of St Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, full cheerfully should it have been opened to you, for the ransom of the unfortunate. The monk made me a bow.—But of all others, resumed I, the unfortunate of our own country, surely have the first rights; and I have left thousands in distress upon our own shore. The monk gave a cordial wave with his head—as much as to say, No doubt there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent. But we distinguish, said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal,—we distinguish, my good father! betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour, and those who eat the bread of other people, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, *for the love of God*. The

poor Franciscan made no reply: a hectic of a moment passed across his cheek, but could not tarry.—Nature seemed to have done with her resentments in him: he shewed none—but letting his staff fall within his arm, he pressed both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

THE REMISE DOOR.

The good old monk was within six paces of us, as the idea of him crossed my mind; and was advancing towards us a little out of the line, as if uncertain whether he should break in upon us or no.—He stopped, however, as soon as he came up to us, with a world of frankness; and having a horn snuff-box in his hand, he presented it open to me.—You shall taste mine—said I, pulling out my box (which was a small tortoise one) and putting it into his hand.—'T is most excellent, said the monk.—Then do me the favour, I replied, to accept of the box and all, and when you take a pinch out of it, sometimes recollect it was the peace-offering of a man who once used you unkindly, but not from his heart.—The poor monk blushed as red as scarlet.—*Mon Dieu!* said he pressing his hands together—you never used me unkindly.—I should think, said the lady, he is not likely.—I blushed in my turn; but from what movements I leave to the few who feel to analyse.—Excuse me, madam, replied I—I treated him most unkindly, and from no provocation.—It is impossible, said the lady.—My God! cried the monk, with a warmth of asseveration which seemed not to belong to him—the fault was in me, and in the indiscretion of my zeal.—The lady opposed it, and I joined with her in maintaining, it was impossible that a spirit so regulated as his could

give offence to any. I knew not that contention could be rendered so sweet and pleasurable a thing to the nerves as I then felt it.—We remained silent without any sensation of that foolish pain which takes place, when in such a circle you look for ten minutes in one another's faces without saying a word.

Whilst this lasted, the monk rubbed his horn box upon the sleeve of his tunic; and as soon as it had acquired a little air of brightness by the friction—he made a low bow, and said, it was too late to say whether it was the weakness or goodness of our tempers which had involved us in this contest—but be it as it would—he begged we might exchange boxes.—In saying this, he presented his to me with one hand, as he took mine from me in the other; and having kissed it—with a stream of good nature in his eyes, he put it into his bosom—and took his leave.

I feel a damp upon my spirits, as I am going to add, that in my last return through Calais, on enquiring after Father Lorenzo, I heard he had been dead near three months, and was buried, not in his convent, but, according to his desire, in a little cemetry belonging to it, about two leagues off: I had a strong desire to see where they had laid him—when, on pulling out his little horn box, as I sat by his grave, and plucking a nettle or two at the head of it, which had no business to grow there, they all struck together so forcibly upon my affections, that I burst into a flood of tears—but I am as weak as a woman; and I beg the world not to smile, but pity me.

MARIA.

THE FIRST PART.

——They were the sweetest notes I ever heard; and I instantly let down the foreglass to hear them more distinctly.—'Tis Maria, said the postillion, observing I was listening—poor Maria, continued he (leaning his body on one side to let me see her, for he was in a line betwixt us), is sitting upon a bank playing her vespers upon her pipe, with her little goat beside her.—The young fellow uttered this with an accent and a look so perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I instantly made a vow I would give him a four and twenty sous piece, when I arrived at Moulines.

——And who is poor Maria? said I.—The love and pity of all the villagers around us, said the postillion.—It is but three years ago that the sun did not shine upon so fair, so quick-witted and amiable a maid; and better fate did Maria deserve than to have her banns forbidden by the intrigues of the curate of the parish who published them.—He was going on, when Maria, who had made a short pause, put the pipe to her mouth and began the air again—they were the same notes; yet were ten times sweeter.—It is the evening service to the Virgin, said the young man—but who has taught her to play it—or how she came by her pipe, no one knows; we think that heaven has assisted her in both; for ever since she has been unsettled in her mind, it seems her only consolation—she has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that service upon it almost night and day.—The postillion delivered this with so much

scribed her, except that her hair hung loose, which before was twisted within a silken net.—She had superadded likewise to her jacket, a pale green ribband, which fell across her shoulder to the waist; at the end of which hung her pipe.—Her goat had been as faithless as her lover; and she had obtained a little dog in lieu of him, which she had kept tied by a string to her girdle; as I looked at her dog, she drew him towards her with the string.—'Thou shalt not leave me, Sylvio,' said she. I looked in Maria's eyes, and saw she was thinking more of her father than of her lover or her little goat; for as she uttered them the tears trickled down her cheeks. I sat down close by her; and Maria let me wipe them away as they fell, with my handkerchief.—I then steeped it in my own—and then in her's—and then in mine—and then I wip'd her's again—and, as I did it, I felt such undescribable emotions within me, as I am sure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion. I am positive I have a soul; nor can all the books with which materialists have pestered the world, ever convince me of the contrary.

When Maria had come a little to herself, I asked her if she remembered a pale thin person of a man, who had sat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before? She said she was unsettled much at that time, but remember'd it on two accounts—that ill as she was, she saw the person pitied her; and next that her goat had stolen his handkerchief, and she had beaten him for the theft—she had washed it, she said, in the brook, and kept it ever since in her pocket to restore it to him in case she should ever see him again, which, she added, he had half promised her. As she

told me this, she took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me see it; she had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine leaves, tied round with a tendril —on opening it, I saw an S marked on one of the corners. She had since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once —and returned back—that she found her way alone across the Appenines—had travelled over all Lombardy without money—and through the flinty roads of Savoy without shoes—how she had borne it, and how she had been supported, she could not tell—but GOD *tempers the wind*, said Maria, to the shorn lamb.

Shorn indeed! and to the quick, said I; and wast thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it and shelter thee: thou shouldst eat of my own bread, and drink of my own cup.—I would be kind to thy Sylvio—in all thy weaknesses and wanderings I would seek after thee and bring thee back—when the sun went down I would say my prayers; and when I had done, thou shouldst play thy evening song upon thy pipe; nor would the incense of my sacrifice be worse accepted for entering heaven along with that of a broken heart.

Nature melted within me, as I uttered this; and Maria observing as I took out my handkerchief, that it was steep'd too much already to be of use, would needs go wash it in the stream.—And where will you dry it, Maria? said I—I'll dry it in my bosom, said she,—'t will do me good. And is your heart still so warm, Maria? said I. I touched upon the string on which hung all her sorrows—she looked with wistful disorder for some time in my face; and then, without saying any thing, took her

pipe, and played her servide to the Virgin—but during I had touched ceased to vibrate in unison with two Maria returned to herself—let her pipe fall—sighed up. And where are you going, Maria—I said I, She said to Moulines. Let us go, said I, together. Maria put her arm within mine, and lengthening the string, to let her dog follow—in that order we entered Moulines. The ... greetings in the market-place, yet wherever we were in the middle of this, I stopped to take my last look and last farewell of Maria. Maria, tho' not tall, was nevertheless of the first order of fine forms—affliction had touched her looks with something that was scarce earthly—still she was feminine—and so much was there about her of all that the heart wishes, or the eye looks for in woman, that could the graces be ever worn out of her brain, and those of mine out of mine, she should *not only eat of my bread and drink of my own cup*, but Maria should lie in my bosom, and be unto me as a daughter. Adieu, poor luckless maiden!—I imbibe the oil and wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds—the Being who has twice bruised thee, can only bind them up for ever.

THE THIRD PART.

On my next arrival at Moulines, I enquired after this disconsolate maid, and was informed she had vanished her last, ten days after I had seen her. I informed myself of the place of her burial, which I repaired; but there was

not a stone to tell where she lay.

However, by the freshness of the surface of the earth

which had been removed, I soon traced out her grave, over which I paid the last tribute due to virtue—nor did I grudge a tear. Alas, sweet maid, thou art gone!—but it is to be numbered with angels, whose fair representative thou was upon earth.—Thy cup of bitterness down fully too full to hold, and it hath run over into eternity.—There wilt thou find the gall of life converted into the sweets, the purest sweets of immortal felicity.

THE STARLING.

—Beshew the *sombre* pencil! said I, vauntingly—for I envy not its powers, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself and blackened; reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them.—'T is true, said I, correcting the proposition—the Bastile is not an evil to be despised—but strip it of its towers—fill up the fosse—unbarricade the doors—call it simply a confinement, and suppose 't is some tyrant of a distemper—and not of a man—which holds you in it—the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this soliloquy, with a voice which I took to be that of a child, which complained, "it could not get out."—I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I

saw it was a Starling hung in a little cage.—"I can't get out—I can't get out," said the Starling. I stood looking at the bird; and to every person who came through the passage, it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity—"I can't get out," said the Starling.—God help thee! said I, but I will let thee out, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage to get to the door: it was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces—I took both hands to it. The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient.—I fear, poor creature! said I, I cannot set thee at liberty.—"No," said the Starling—"I can't get out—I can't get out," said the Starling. I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life, where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings on the Bastile; and I heavily walked up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them. Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, slavery! said I—still thou art a bitter draught! and tho' thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. 'T is thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess! (addressing myself to Liberty,) whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall

change—no tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron—with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled.—Gracious Heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent—grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion—and shower down thy mitres, if it seems good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them!

THE CAPTIVE.

The bird in his cage pursued me into my room; I sat down close to my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination. I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groupes in it did but distract me—I took a single captive, and having first shut him up into his dungeon I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture. I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. On looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish: in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood—he had seen

no sun, no moon, in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice—his children—But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait. He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed; a little calendar of small sticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he has passed there—he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down—shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle.—He gave a deep sigh.—I saw the iron enter into his soul.—I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my imagination had drawn.

THE NEGRO GIRL.

—When Tom, an' please your honour, reached the shop, there was no body in it, but a poor negro girl, with a bunch of white feathers slightly tied to the end of a long cane, flapping away flies—not killing them.—'T is a pretty picture! said my uncle Toby—she had suffered persecution, Trim, and had learned mercy.— —She was good, an' please your honour, from nature as well as from hardships; and there are circumstances in the story of that poor

friendless slave, that would melt a heart of stone, said Trim, and some dismal winter's evening, when your honour is in the humour, they shall be told you with the rest of Tom's story, for it makes a part of it.—That thou not forget, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

A Negro has a soul? an' please your honour, said the corporal (doubtingly).—I am not much versed, corporal, quoth my uncle Toby, in things of that kind; but I suppose, God would not leave him without one, any more than thee or me.—It would be putting one sadly over the head of another, quoth the corporal.—It would be so, said my uncle Toby.—Why then, an' please your honour, is a black used worse than a white one?—I can give no reason, said my uncle Toby.—Or, cried the corporal, shaking his head, because she has no one to stand up for her.—That is the very thing, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, which recommends her to protection—and her brethren with her; 'tis the fortune of war which has put the whip into our hands *now*—where it may be hereafter, Heaven knows!—but be it where it will, the brave, Trim! will not use it unkindly.—God forbid! said the corporal.—Amen! responded my uncle Toby, laying his hand upon his heart.

THE ASS.

I was stopped at the gate by a poor ass, who had just turned in with a couple of large panniers upon his back, to collect the remains of a turnip-crop and cabbage-leaves, and stood dubious, with his two fore-feet on the inside of the threshold, and with his two hinder feet towards the street, so not knowing very well whether he was to go in or no.

Now, 'tis an animal (be in what humour I may) I cannot bear to strike—there is a patient resistance of suffering, wrote so unaffectedly in his look and carriage, which pleads so mightily for him, that it always disarms me; and to that degree, that I do not like to speak unkindly to him; on the contrary, meet him where I will—whether in town or country—in cart or under panniers—whether in liberty or bondage—I have ever something civil to say to him on my part; and as one word begets another (be he ass as little to do as I)—I generally fall into conversation with him; and surely never is my imagination so busy as in framing his responses from the cloudings of his countenance—and where these carry me not deep enough—in flying from my own heart into his—and seeing what is natural for an ass to think as well as a man, on the occasion. In truth, it is the only creature of all the classes of beings below me, with whom I can do this: for parrots, jack-daws, &c.—I never exchange a word with them—nor with the apes, &c. for pretty much the same reason—they act by rote, as the others speak by it, and equally balk me silent. May my dog and my cat, though I value

them both—(and for my dog, he would speak if he could)—yet somehow or other, they neither of them possess the talents for conversation—I can make nothing of a discourse with them, beyond the proposition, the reply, and rejoinder, which terminated my father's and my mother's conversations, in his beds of justice, and those uttered—there's an end of the dialogue.—But with an ass, I can commune for ever.

Come, honesty! said I—seeing it was impracticable to pass betwixt him and the gate—art I civil for coming in, or going out? The ass, having twisted his head round to look up the street,—Well replied I—we'll wait a minute for thy driver.—He turned his head thoughtfully about, and looked wistfully the opposite way.—I understand thee perfectly, answered I—if thou takest a wrong step in this affair, he will cudgel thee to death.—Well! a minute is but a minute, and if it saves a fellow-creature a drubbing, it shall not be set down as ill spent.—He was eating the stem of an artichoke as this discourse went on, and in the little peevish contentions of nature betwixt hunger and unsavouriness, had dropt it out of his mouth half a dozen times, and picked it up again.—God help thee, Jack! said I, thou hast a bitter breakfast on't—and many a bitter day's labour—and many a bitter blow, I fear, for its wages—'t is all—all bitterness to thee, whatever life is to others.—And now thy mouth, if one knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I dare say, as soot—(for he had cast aside the stem) and thou hast not a friend perhaps in all this world, who will give thee a macaroon.—In saying this, I pulled out a paper of them, which I had just purchased, and gave him one—and at this moment that I am tel-

ling it, my heart smites me, that there was more pleasantry in the conceit of seeing how an ass would eat a macaroon—than of benevolence in giving him one, which presided in the act. When the ass had eaten his macaroon, I pressed him to come in—the poor beast was heavy loaded—his legs seemed to tremble under him—he hung rather backwards, and as I pulled at his halter, it broke short in my hand—he look'd up pensive in my face—"Don't thrash me with it—but if you will, you may."—If I do, said I, I'll be da—. The word was but one half of it pronounced,—when a person coming in, let fall a thundering bastinado upon the poor devil's crupper, which put an end to the ceremony.

THE DEAD ASS.

—And this, said he, putting the remains of a macaroon into his wallet—and this should have been thy portion, said he, hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me. I thought by the accent it had been an apostrophe to his child; but it was to his ass. The man seemed to lament it much; and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his, but he did it with more true touches of nature. The mourner was sitting upon a stone-bench at the door, with the ass's pannel and its bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time—then laid them down—looked at them, and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it; held it some time in his hand—then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle—looked wistfully at the lit-

tle arrangement he had made—and then gave a sigh.

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and Le Fleur amongst the rest, whilst the horses were getting ready: as I continued sitting in the post chaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

He said he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the farthest borders of Franconia; and had reached so far on his return home, when his ass died. Every one seemed desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home. It had pleased heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany; but having in one week lost two of the eldest of them by the small-pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all; and made a vow, if heaven would not take him from him also, he would go in gratitude to St. Iago in Spain. When the mourner came to this part of his story, he stopped to pay Nature her tribute—and wept bitterly. He said, Heaven had accepted the conditions; and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey—that it had eaten the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend. Every body who stood about, heard the poor fellow with concern.—La Fleur offered him money.—The mourner said, he did not want it—it was not the value of the ass—but the loss of him.—The ass, he said, he was assured, loved him—and, on this, told them a long story of a mischance—on their passage over the Pyrenean mountains which had separated them from each other three days; during which time the ass had sought for him as much as

he had bought the ass, and that they had neither scarcely eaten or drunk till they met.—Thou hast one comfort, friend, said I, at least, in the loss of thy poor beast; I am sure thou hast been a merciful master to him.—Alas! said the mourner, I thought so when he was alive—but now that he is dead, I think otherwise.—I fear the weight of myself and my afflictions together have been too much for him—they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for.—Shame on the world! said I to myself.—Did we love each other as this poor soul loved his ass—it would be something.

THE SUPPER AND GRACE.

A shoe coming loose from the fore-foot of the thill-horse, at the beginning of the ascent of mount Taurira, the postillion dismounted, twisted the shoe off, and put it in his pocket: as the ascent was of five or six miles, and that horse our main dependence, I made a point of having the shoe fastened on again, as well as we could; but the postillion had thrown away the nails, and the hammer in the chaise-box being of no great use without them, I submitted to go on.

He had not mounted half a mile higher, when, coming to a flinty piece of road, the poor devil lost a second shoe, and from off his other fore-foot. I then left the chaise in good earnest; and seeing a house about a quarter of a mile to the left hand, with a great deal to do, I prevailed on the postillion to turn up to it. The look of the house, and of every thing about it, as we drew nearer, soon reconciled me to the dis-

ater. It was a little farm house, surrounded with about twenty acres of vineyard, about as much corn; and close to the house, on one side, was a *potagerie* of an acre and a half, full of every thing which could make plenty in a French peasant's house; and, on the other side, was a little wood which furnished wherewithall to dress it. It was about eight in the evening when I arrived at the house: so I left the postillion to manage his point as he could; and, for mine, I walked directly into the house. The family consisted of an old gray-headed man and his wife, with five or six sons and sons-in-law and their several wives, and a joyous genealogy out of them.

They were all sitting down together to their lentil-soup; a large wheaten loaf was in the middle of the table; and a flagon of wine at each end of it promised joy through the stages of the repast—'twas a feast of love.

The old man rose up to meet me, and, with a respectful cordiality, would have me sit down at the table. My heart was sat down the moment I entered the room: so I sat down at once like a son of the family; and to invest myself in the character as speedily as I could, I instantly borrowed the old man's knife, and taking up the loaf, cut myself a hearty luncheon; and, as I did it, I saw a testimony in every eye, not only of an honest welcome, but of a welcome mixed with thanks that I had not seemed to doubt it.

Was it this; or tell me, Nature, what else it was which made this morsel so sweet—and to what magic I owe it, that the draught I took of their flagon was so delicious with it, that it remains upon my palate to this hour? If the supper was to my taste, the grace which followed was much

more so. When supper was over, the old man gave a knock upon the table with the haft of his knife, to bid them prepare for the dance. The moment the signal was given, the women and girls ran altogether into the back-apartment to tie up their hair, and the young men to the door to wash their faces, and change their sabots *(wooden shoes)*; and in three minutes every soul was ready, upon a little esplanade before the house, to begin. The old man and his wife came out last, and placing me betwixt them, sat down upon a sofa of turf by the door. The old man had some fifty years ago been no mean performer on the vielle; and at the age he was then of, touched it well enough for the purpose. His wife sung now and then a little to the tune, then intermitted, and joined her old man again, as their children and grand-children danced before them. It was not till the middle of the second dance, when from some pauses in the movement wherein they all seemed to look up, I fancied I could distinguish an elevation of spirit different from that which is the cause or the effect of simple jollity. In a word, I thought I beheld religion mixing in the dance; but, as I had never seen her so engaged, I should have looked on it now as one of the illusions of an imagination which is eternally misleading me, had not the old man, as soon as the dance ended, said, that this was their constant way; and that all his life long he had made it a rule, after supper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice; believing, he said, that a cheerful and contented mind was the best sort of thanks to heaven that an illiterate peasant could pay.—

—Or a learned prelate either, said I.

RUSTIC FELICITY.

Many are the silent pleasures of the honest peasant, who rises cheerfully to his labour.—Look into his dwelling, where the scene of every man's happiness chiefly lies—he has the same domestic endearments, as much joy and comfort in his children, and as flattering hopes of their doing well, to enliven his hours and gladden his heart, as you could conceive in the most affluent station.—And I make no doubt, in general, but if the true account of his joys and sufferings were to be balanced with those of his betters—that the upshot would prove to be little more than this,—that the rich man had the more meat,—but the poor man the better stomach,—the one had more luxury,—more able physicians to attend and set him to rights;—the other, more health and soundness in his bones, and less occasion for their help;—that, after these two articles betwixt them were balanced,—in all other things they stood on a level;—that the sun shines as warm,—the air blows as fresh,—and the earth breathes as fragrant upon the one as the other; and that they have an equal share in all the beauties and real benefits of nature.

THE WIG.

When the barber came, he absolutely refused to have any thing to do with my wig: 't was either above or below his art: I had nothing to do but to take one ready made of his own recommendation.

—But I fear, friend! said I, this buckle won't stand.—You may emerge it, replied he, into the ocean, and it will stand.— What a great scale is every thing on in this city! thought I—the utmost stretch of an English perriwig-maker's ideas could have gone no further than to have "dipped it into a pail of water."—What difference! 't is like time to eternity.

I confess I do hate all cold conceptions, as I do the puny ideas which engender them; and am generally so struck with the great works of nature, that, for my own part, if I could help it, I never would make a comparison less than a mountain at least. All that can be said against the French sublime in this instance of it, is this—that the grandeur is *more* in the *word:* and *less* in the *thing*. No doubt, the ocean fills the mind with vast ideas; but Paris being so far inland, it was not likely I should run post a hundred miles out of it, to try the experiment—the Parisian barber meant nothing. The pail of water standing beside the great deep, makes certainly but a sorry figure in speech—but 't will be said,—it has one advantage—'t is in the next room, and the truth of the buckle may be tried in it without more ado, in a single moment. In honest truth, and on a more candid revision of the matter, *The French expression professes more than it performs.*

MY SPIRITS.

Now, as, for my spirits, little have I to lay to their charge—nay, so very little (unless the mounting me upon a long stick, and playing the fool with me, nineteen hours out of the twenty-four, be accusations), that, on the contrary, I have much—much to thank 'em for: cheerily have ye made me tread the path of life with all the burdens of it (except its cares) upon my back; in no one moment of my existence, that I remember, have ye once deserted me, or tinged the objects which came in my way, either with sable, or with a sickly green; in dangers ye gilded my horizon with hope, and when DEATH himself knocked at my door—ye bade him come again; and in so gay a tone of careless indifference did ye do it, that he doubted of his commission.— "—Did ever so grave a personage fall into so vile a scrape?" quoth Death. Thou hast had a narrow escape, Tristram, said Eugenius, taking hold of my hand. But there is no living, Eugenius, replied I, at this rate; for, as this *son of a whore* has found out my lodgings—

—You call him rightly, said Eugenius,—for by sin, we are told, he enter'd the world.—I care not which way he entered, quoth I, provided he be not in such a hurry to take me out with him—for I have forty volumes to write, and forty thousand things to say and do, which nobody in the world will say and do for me, except thyself; and as thou seest he has seized me by the throat (for Eugenius could scarcely hear me speak across the table) and that I am no match for him in the open field, had I not better, whilst these

few scatter'd spirits remain, and these two spider legs of mine (holding one of them up to him) are able to support me—had I not better, Eugenius, fly for my life? 'T is my advice, my dear Tristram, said Eugenius —Then, by heaven! I will lead him a dance he little thinks of—for I will gallop, quoth I, without looking once behind me to the banks of the Garonne; and if I hear him clattering at my heels—I 'll scamper away to mount Vesuvius—from thence to Joppa, and from Joppa to the world's end, where, if he follow me, I pray God he may break his neck.—

—He runs more risk *there*, said Eugenius, than thou.

Eugenius's wit and affection brought blood into the cheek from whence it had been some months banished—'t was a vile moment to bid adieu in; he led me to my chaise.—*Allons*! said I; the post-boy gave a crack with his whip—off I went like a cannon, and in half a dozen bounds arrived in Dover.

SENSIBILITY.

—Dear SENSIBILITY! source inexhausted of all that 's precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows! thou chainest thy martyr down upon his bed of straw —and 't is thou who lifts him up to Heaven—eternal fountain of our feelings!—'t is here I trace thee—and this is thy divinity which stirs within me—not that in some sad and sickening moments, "*my soul shrinks back upon herself, and startles at destruction*"—mere pomp of words!—but that I feel some generous joys and generous cares beyond myself—all comes from thee, great—great SENSORIUM of the world!

which vibrates, if a hair of our heads but falls upon the ground, in the remotest desert of thy creation.—Touch'd with thee, Eugenius draws my curtain when I languish—hears my tale of symptoms, and blames the weather for the disorder of his nerves. Thou giv'st a portion of it sometimes to the roughest peasant who traverses the blackest mountains—he finds the lacerated lamb of another's flock.—This moment I beheld him leaning with his head against his crook, with piteous inclination looking down upon it.—Oh! had I come one moment sooner.—It bleeds to death—his gentle heart bleeds with it.— Peace to thee, generous swain!—I see thou walkest off with anguish—but thy joys shall balance it—for happy is thy cottage—and happy is the sharer of it—and happy are the lambs which sport about you!

THE FILLE DE CHAMBRE.

—The bookseller made a bow, and was going to say something, when a young decent girl, of about twenty, who by her air and dress seemed to be *fille de chambre* to some devout woman of fashion, came into the shop and asked for *Les Egarements du Cœur & de l'Esprit*: the bookseller gave her the book directly; she pulled out a little green satin purse run round with a ribband of the same colour, and putting her finger and thumb into it, she took out the money and paid for it. As I had nothing more to stay me in the shop, we both walked out at the door together.

—And what have you to do, my dear, said I, with *The Wanderings of the Heart*, who scarcely know yet

you have one? nor, till love has first told you it, or some faithless shepherd has made it ache, canst thou be ever sure it is so.—*Le Dieu m'en guard!* said the girl.—With reason, said I,—for if it be a good one, 't is pity it should be stolen: 't is a little treasure to thee, and gives a better air to your face, than if it were dress'd out with pearls. The young girl listened with a submissive attention, holding her sattin purse by its ribband in her hand all the time.—'T is a very small one, said I, taking hold of the bottom of it—she held it towards me—and there is very little in it, my dear, said I; but be but as good as thou art handsome, and heaven will fill it: I had a parcel of crowns in my hand to pay for Shakespeare; and as she had let go the purse entirely, I put a single one in; and, tying up the ribband in a bow-knot, returned it to her. The young girl made more a humble courtesy than a low one—'t was one of those quiet, thankful sinkings, where the spirit bows itself down—the body does no more than tell it. I never gave a girl a crown in my life which gave me half the pleasure. My advice, my dear, would not have been worth a pin to you, said I, if I had not given this along with it: but now, when you see the crown you 'll remember it—so don't, my dear, lay it out in ribbands. Upon my word, sir, said the girl, earnestly, I am incapable—in saying which, as is usual in little bargains of honour, she gave me her hand.—*En verité, Monsieur, je mettrai cet argent apart,* said she. When a virtuous convention is made betwixt man and woman, it sanctifies their most private walks: so notwithstanding it was dusky, yet, as both our roads lay the same way, we made no scruple

of walking along the Quai de Conti together. She made me a second courtesy in setting off, and before we had proceeded twenty yards from the door, as if she had not done enough before, she made a sort of a little stop to tell me again—she thank'd me. It was a small tribute, I told her, which I could not avoid paying virtue, and would not be mistaken in the person I had been rendering it to for the world—but I see innocence, my dear, in your face,—and foul befal the man who ever lays a snare in its way! The girl seem'd affected some way or other with what I said—she gave a low sigh—I found I was not impowered to enquire at all after it—so said nothing till we came to the corner of the Rue de Nevers, where we were to part. —But is this the way, my dear, said I, to the hotel de Mondene? She told me it was —or, that I might go by the Rue de Guineygaude, which was the next turn.—Then I'll go, my dear, by the Rue de Guineygaude, said I, for two reasons: first, I shall please myself; and next, I shall give you the protection of my company on your way as far as I can. The girl was sensible I was civil,—and said she wish'd the hotel de Mondene was in the Rue de St Pierre.—You live there? said I.—She told me she was *fille de chambre* to Madame R****.—Good God! said I, 't is the very lady for whom I have brought a letter from Amiens—the girl told me that Madame R****, she believed, expected a stranger with a letter, and was impatient to see him—so I desired the girl to present my compliments to Madame R****, and say, I would certainly wait upon her in the morning. We stood still at the corner of the Rue de Nevers whilst this pass'd. We then stopped

a moment whilst she disposed of her *Egarements de Cœur*, &c. more commodiously than carrying them in her hand—they were two volumes; so I held the second for her, whilst she put the first into her pocket; and then she held her pocket, and I put in the other after it. 'T is sweet to feel by what fine-spun threads our affections are drawn together. We set off afresh, and as she took her third step, the girl put her hand within my arm—I was just bidding her—but she did it of herself, with that undeliberating simplicity, which shew'd it was out of her head that she had never seen me before. For my own part, I felt the conviction of consanguinity so strongly, that I could not help turning half round to look in her face, and see if I could trace out any thing in it of a family likeness.—Tut! said I, are we not all relations?

When we arrived at the turning up of the Rue de Guineygaude, I stopp'd to bid her adieu for good and all: the girl would thank me again for my company and kindness.—She bid me adieu twice.—I repeated it as often; and so cordial was the parting between us, that had it happened any where else, I 'm not sure but I should have signed it with a kiss of charity, as warm and holy as an apostle. But in Paris, as none kiss each other but the men—I did, what amounted to the same thing— —I bid God bless her!

HEALTH.

O blessed health! thou art above all gold and treasure; 't is thou who enlargest the soul—and openest all its powers to receive instruction, and to relish virtue. —He who has thee, has little more to wish for! and he who is so wretched as to want thee,—wants every thing with thee.

THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

Sweet pliability of man's spirit, that can at once surrender itself to illusions, which cheat expectation and sorrow of their weary moments!—Long—long since had ye number'd out my days, had I not trod so great a part of them upon this enchanted ground: when my way is too rough for my feet, or too steep for my strength, I get off it, to some smooth velvet path which Imagination has scattered over with rose-buds of delights; and having taken a few turns in it, come back strengthen'd and refresh'd.—When evils press sore upon me, and there is no retreat from them in this world, then I take a new course—I leave it—and as I have a clearer idea of the Elysian fields than I have of heaven, I force myself, like Æneas into them —I see him meet the pensive shade of his forsaken Dido, and wish to recognize it.—I see the injured spirit wave her head, and turn off silent from the author of her miseries and dishonours.—I lose the feelings for myself in hers, and in those affections which were wont to make me mourn for her when I was at

school. *Surely this is not walking in a vain shadow—nor does man disquiet himself* in vain *by it*—he oftener does so in trusting the issue of his commotions to reason only.—I can safely say, for myself, I was never able to conquer any one single bad sensation in my heart so decisively, as by beating up as fast as I could for some kindly and gentle sensation to fight it upon its own ground.

EPITAPH ON A LADY.

Columns and labour'd urns but vainly show
an idle scene of decorated woe.
The sweet companion, and the friend sincere,
need no mechanic help to force a tear.
In heart-felt numbers, never meant to shine,
'twill flow eternal o'er a hearse like thine;
'twill flow, whilst gentle goodness has one friend
or kindred tempers have a tear to lend.

THE PULSE.

Hail! ye small sweet courtesies of life, for smooth do ye make the road of it! like grace and beauty, which beget inclinations to love at first sight; 't is ye who open this door, and let the stranger in.

—Pray, Madame, said I, have the goodness to tell me which way I must turn to go to the Opera comique:—Most willingly, Monsieur, said she, laying aside her work— I had given a cast with my eye into half a dozen shops as I came along in search

of a face not likely to be disordered by such an interruption; till at last, this hitting my fancy, I had walked in. She was working a pair of ruffles as she sat in a low chair on the far side of the shop facing the door— —*Tres volontiers*; most willingly, said she, laying her work down upon a chair next her, and rising up from the low chair she was sitting in, with so cheerful a movement and so cheerful a look, that had I been laying out fifty louis d'ors with her, I should have said "—This woman is grateful."

You must turn, Monsieur, said she, going with me to the door of the shop, and pointing the way down the street I was to take—you must turn first to your left hand—*mais prenez garde*—there are two turns: and be so good as to take the second—then go down a little way and you 'll see a church, and when you are past it, give yourself the trouble to turn directly to the right, and that will lead you to the foot of the *Pont Neuf*, which you must cross—and there, any one will do himself the pleasure to shew you.— She repeated her instuctions three times over to me with the same good-natur'd patience the third time as the first;—and if *tones and manners* have a meaning, which certainly they have, unless to hearts which shut them out—she seemed really interested, that I should not lose myself. I will not suppose it was the woman's beauty, notwithstanding she was the handsomest grisset, I think, I ever saw, which had much to do with the sense I had of her courtesy; only I remember, when I told her how much I was obliged to her, that I look'd very full in her eyes,—and that I repeated my thanks as often as she had done her instructions. I had not walked ten paces from the

door, before I found I had forgotten every tittle of what she had said—so looking back, and seeing her still standing in the door of the shop, as if to look whether I went right or not—I returned back, to ask her whether the first turn was to my right or left—for that I had absolutely forgotten.—Is is possible! said she, half laughing.—'Tis very possible replied I, when a man is thinking more of a woman than of her good advice. As this was the real truth—she took it, as every woman takes a matter of right, with a slight courtesy. —*Attendez!* said she, laying her hand upon my arm to detain me, whilst she called a lad out of the back-shop to get ready a parcel of gloves. I am just going to send him, said she, with a packet into that quarter; and if you will have the complaisance to step in, it will be ready in a moment, and he shall attend you to the place.—So I walked in with her to the far side of the shop, and taking up the ruffle in my hand, which she laid upon the chair, as if I had a mind to sit, she sat down herself in her low chair, and I instantly sat myself down beside her. —He will be ready, Monsieur, said she, in a moment.—And in that moment, replied I, most willingly would I say something very civil to you for all these courtesies. Any one may do a casual act of good-nature, but a continuation of them shews it is a part of the temperature; and certainly, added I, if it be the same blood which comes from the heart which descends to the extremes (touching her wrist) I am sure you must have one of the best pulses of any woman in the world.—Feel it, said she, holding out her arm. So laying down my hat, I took hold of her fingers in one hand, and applied the two

fore-fingers of my other to the artery.— —Would to heaven! my dear Eugenius, thou hadst passed by and beheld me sitting in my black coat, and in my lack-a-day-sical manner, counting the throbs of it, one by one, with as much true devotion as if I had been watching the critical ebb or flow of her fever.—How wouldst thou have laugh'd and moralized on my new profession?—and thou should'st have laugh'd and moralized on.—Trust me, my dear Eugenius, I should have said, "there are worse occupations in this world, *than feeling a woman's pulse.*"—But a Grisset's! thou wouldst have said—and in an open shop! Yorick.— —So much the better: for when my views are direct, Eugenius, I care not if all the world saw me feel it.

THE HUSBAND.

I had counted twenty pulsations, and was going on fast towards the fortieth, when her husband coming unexpectedly from a back-parlour into the shop, put me a little out in my reckoning.—'T was nobody but her husband,—she said—so I began a fresh score.—Monsieur is so good, quoth she, as he pass'd by us, as to give himself the trouble of feeling my pulse.—The husband took off his hat, and making me a bow, said, I did him too much honour—and having said that, he put on his hat and walk'd out. Good God! said I to myself, as he went out—and can this man be the husband of this woman? Let it not torment the few who know what must have been the grounds of this exclamation, if I explain it to those

who do not. In London, a shopkeeper and a shopkeeper's wife seem to be one bone and one flesh: in the several endowments of mind and body, sometimes the one, sometimes the other has it, so as in general to be on a par, and to tally with each other as nearly as man and wife need to do. In Paris, there are scarcely two orders of beings more different; for the legislative and executive powers of the shop not resting in the husband, he seldom comes there—in some dark and dismal room behind, he sits commerceless in his thrumb-night-cap, the same rough son of Nature, that Nature left him. The genius of of a people where nothing but the monarchy is *salique*, having ceded this department with sundry others, totally to the women—by a continual higgling with customers of all ranks and sizes from morning to night, like so many rough pebbles shook long together in a bag, by amicable collisions, they have worn down their asperities and sharp angles, and not only become round and smooth, but will receive, some of them, a polish like a brilliant—Monsieur le Mari is little better than the stone under your feet.—

—Surely—surely man! it is not good for thee to sit alone—thou wast made for social intercourse and gentle greetings, and this improvement of our natures from it, I appeal to as my evidence. —And how, how does it beat, Monsieur? said she.—With all the benignity, said I, looking quietly in her eyes, that I expected.—She was going to say something civil in return—but the lad came into the shop with the gloves.—*A propos*, said I, I want a couple of pairs myself.

THE GLOVES.

The beautiful Grisset rose up when I said this, and going behind the counter, reach'd down a parcel, and untied it: I advanced to the side over against her: they were all too large. The beautiful Grisset measured them one by one across my hand.—It would not alter the dimensions.—She begg'd I would try a single pair, which seemed to be the least.—She held it open—my hand slipp'd into it at once.—It will not do said I, shaking my head a little.—No, said she, doing the same thing. There are certain combined looks of simple subtlety—where whim, and sense, and seriousness, and nonsense are so blended, that all the languages of Babel set loose together could not express them—they are communicated and caught so instantaneously, that you can scarcely say which party is the infector. I leave it to your men of words to swell pages about it—it is enough in the present to say again the gloves would not do; so folding our hands within our arms, we both loll'd upon the counter—it was narrow, and there was just room for the parcel to lie between us. The beautiful Grisset look'd sometimes at the gloves, then sideways to the window, then at the gloves—and then at me. I was not disposed to break silence—I followed her example: so I look'd at the gloves, then to the window, then at the gloves, and then at her—and so on alternately. I found I lost considerably in every attack—she had a quick black eye, and shot through two such long and silken eye-lashes with such penetration, that she look'd into my very heart and reins.

—It may seem strange, but I could actually feel she did.— —It is no matter, said I, taking up a couple of the pairs next me, and putting them into my pocket. I was sensible the beautiful Grisset had not ask'd more than a single livre above the price—I wish'd she had ask'd a livre more, and was puzzling my brains how to bring the matter about.—Do you think, my dear sir, said she, mistaking my embarrassment, that I could ask a *sous* too much of a stranger—and of a stranger whose politeness, more than his want of gloves, has done me the honour to lay himself at my mercy?—*M' en croyez capable?*—Faith! not I, said I: and if you were, you are welcome.—So counting the money into her hand, and with a lower bow than one generally makes to a shopkeeper's wife, I went out, and her lad with his parcel followed me.

ELIZA.

It had ever, as I told the reader, been one of the singular blessings of my life, to be almost every hour of it miserably in love with some one; and my last flame happening to be blown out by a whiff of jealousy on the sudden turn of a corner, I had lighted it up afresh at the pure taper of Eliza but about three months before—swearing as I did it, that it should last me through the whole journey.—Why should I dissemble the matter? I had sworn to her eternal fidelity—she had a right to my whole heart—to divide my affections was to lessen them—to expose them, was to risk them: where there is risk there may be

loss:—and what wilt thou have, Yorick! to answer to a heart so full of trust and confidence—so good, so gentle and unreproaching? —I will not go to Brussels, replied I, interrupting myself—but my imagination went on.—I recall'd her looks at that crisis of our separation, when neither of us had power to say adieu! I look'd at the picture she had tied in a black ribband about my neck—and blush'd as I look'd at it—I would have given the world to have kiss'd it—but was ashamed.—And shall this tender flower, said I, pressing it between my hands—shall it be smitten to its very root—and smitten, Yorick! by thee, who hast promised to shelter it in thy breast? Eternal Fountain of happiness! said I, kneeling down upon the ground—be thou my witness—and every pure spirit which tastes it, be my witness also, That I would not travel to Brussels, unless Eliza went along with me, did the road lead me towards heaven!

In transports of this kind the heart, in spite of the understanding, will always say too much.

THE MYSTERY.

I remained at the gate of the hotel for some time, looking at every one who passed by, and forming conjectures on them, till my attention became fix'd upon a single object which confounded all kind of reasoning on him. It was a tall figure, of a philosophic, serious, adust look, which pass'd and repass'd sedately along the street, making a turn of about sixty paces on each side of the gate of the hotel—the man was about fifty-two—had a small cane under his arm—

was dress'd in a dark drab colour'd coat, waistcoat and breeches, which seem'd to have seen some years' service—they were still clean, and there was a little air of frugal *propreté* throughout him. By his pulling off his hat, and his attitude of accosting a good many in his way, I saw he was asking charity; so I got a sous or two out of my pocket ready to give him, as he took me in his turn—he pass'd by me without asking any thing—and yet did not go five steps further before he ask'd charity of a little woman—I was much more likely to have given of the two.—He had scarcely done with the woman, when he pull'd off his hat to another who was coming the same way.—An ancient gentleman came slowly—and after him, a young smart one.—He let them both pass, and ask'd nothing. I stood observing him half an hour, in which time he had made a dozen turns backwards and forwards, and found that he invariably pursued the same plan. There were two things very singular in this, which set my brain to work, and to no purpose—the first was, why the man should only tell his story to the sex—and secondly—what kind of story it was, and what species of eloquence it could be, which soften'd the hearts of the women, which he knew 't was to no purpose to practise on the men. There were two other circumstances which entangled this mystery — the one was, he told every woman what he had to say in her ear, and in a way which had much more the air of a secret than a petition—the other was, it was always successful—he never stopp'd a woman, but she pull'd out her purse, and immediately gave him something. I could form no system to explain the phænomenon.

THE ACT OF CHARITY.

There is a long dark passage issuing out from the opera comique into a narrow street; 't is trod by a few who humbly wait for a *fiacre*,* or wish to get off quietly o' foot when the opera is done. At the end of it towards the theatre, 't is lighted by a small candle, the light of which is almost lost before you get half way down; but near the door—'t is more for ornament than use: you see it as a fix'd star of the least magnitude; it burns — but does little good to the world, that we know of. In returning along this passage, I discerned, as I approached within five or six paces of the door, two ladies standing arm in arm, with their backs against the wall, waiting, as I imagined for a *fiacre*—as they were next the door, I thought they had a prior right; so edged myself up within a yard or little more of them, and quietly took my stand—I was in black, and scarcely seen.

The lady next me was a tall lean figure of a woman of about thirty-six; the other of the same size and make, of about forty; there was no mark of wife or widow in any one part of either of them—they seem'd to be two upright vestal sisters, unsapped by caresses, unbroken in upon by tender salutations. A low voice, with a good turn of expression, and sweet cadence at the end of it, begg'd for a twelve-sous piece betwixt them, for the love of heaven. I thought it singular that a beggar should fix the quota of an alms —and that the sum should be twelve times as much

* Hackney-coach.

as what is usually given in the dark. They both seem'd astonish'd at it as much as myself.—Twelve sous! said one.—A twelve-sous-piece! said the other—and made no reply. The poor man said, He knew not how to ask less of ladies of their rank; and bow'd down his head to the ground. Poo; said they—we have no money. The beggar remained silent for a moment or two,—and renew'd his supplication. Do not, my fair young ladies, said he, stop your good ears against me.—Upon my word, honest man! said the younger, we have no change.—Then God bless you, said the poor man, and multiply those joys which you can give to others without change!—I observed the elder sister put her hand into her pocket.—I 'll see, said she, if I have a sous.—A sous! give twelve, said the supplicant; Nature has been bountiful to you, be bountiful to a poor man. I would, friend, with all my heart, said the younger, if I had it. My fair charitable! said he, addressing himself to the elder—What is it but your goodness and humanity which makes your bright eyes so sweet that they outshine the morning, even in this dark passage? and what was it which made the Marquit de Santerre and his brother say so much of you both as they just pass'd by? The two ladies seem'd much affected; and impulsively at the same time they both put their hands into their pockets, and each took out a twelve-sous-piece. The contest betwixt them and the poor supplicant was no more—it was continued betwixt themselves, which of the two should give the twelve-sous-piece in charity—and to end the dispute, they both gave it together, and the man went away.

THE RIDDLE EXPLAINED.

I stepp'd hastily after him; it was the very man whose success in asking charity of the women before the door of the hotel had so puzzled me—and I found at once his secret, or at least the basis of it—'t was flattery. Delicious essence! how refreshing art thou to nature! how strongly are all its powers and all its weaknesses on thy side! how sweetly dost thou mix with the blood, and help it through the most difficult and torturous passages to the heart!

The poor man, as he was not straiten'd for time, had given it here in a larger doze: 't is certain he had a way of bringing it into less form, for the many sudden cases he had to do with in the streets; but how he contrived to correct, sweeten, concentre, and qualify it—I vex not my spirit with the enquiry—it is enough, the beggar gain'd two twelve-sous-pieces—and they can best tell the rest, who have gain'd much greater matters by it.

A WAY TO RECONCILE ONE'S-SELF TO DISAPPOINTMENTS.

When the precipitancy of a man's wishes hurries on his ideas ninety times faster than the vehicle he rides in—woe be to truth! and woe be to the vehicle and its tackling (let 'em be made of what stuff you will) on which he breathes forth the disappointment of his soul! As I never give general charac-

ters either of men or things in choler, "*the more haste, the worse speed*" was all the reflection I made on the affair, the first time it happened;—the second, third, fourth, and fifth time, I confined it respectively to those times, and accordingly blamed only the second, third, fourth, and fifth post-boy for it, without carrying my reflections further; but the event continuing to befal me from the fifth to the sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth time, and without one exception, I then could not avoid making a national reflection of of it, which I do in these words: *That something is always wrong in a French post-chaise on first setting out.* Or the proposition may stand thus: *A French postillion has always to alight before he has gone three hundred yards out of town.* What 's wrong now?—Diable!—a rope 's broken!—a knot has slipt!—a staple 's drawn!—a bolt 's to whittle!—a tag, a rag, a jag, a strap, a buckle, or a buckle's tongue, want altering.— Now, true as all this is, I never think myself empowered to excommunicate thereupon either the post-chaise or its driver—nor do I take it into my head to swear by the living God, I would rather go a-foot ten thousand times—or that I will be damn'd if ever I get into another—but I take the matter coolly before me, and consider, that some tag, or rag, or jag, or bolt, or buckle, or buckle's tongue, will ever be a wanting, or want altering, travel where I will—so I never chaff, but take the good and the bad as they fall in my road, and go on:—Do so, my lad! said I; he had lost five minutes already, in alighting in order to get at a luncheon of black bread, which he had cramm'd into the chaise pocket, and was remounting and going

leisurely on, to relish it the better.—Go on, my lad, said I, briskly—but in the most persuasive tone imaginable, for I jingled a four-and-twenty-sous-piece against the glass, taking care to hold the flat side towards him, as he looked back: the dog grinn'd intelligence from his right ear to his left, and behind his sooty muzzle discover'd such a pearly row of teeth, that Sovereignty would have pawn'd her jewels for them.

THE CANT OF CRITICISM.

—And how did Garrick speak the soliloquy last night?—Oh, against all rule, my Lord,—most ungrammatically! betwixt the substantive and the adjective, which should agree together in *number*, *case*, and *gender*, he made a breach thus,——stopping, as if the point wanted settling;—and betwixt the nominative case, which your lordship knows should govern the verb, he suspended his voice in the epilogue a dozen times, three seconds and three fifths by a stop-watch, my Lord, each time.— Admirable grammarian!—But in suspending his voice,—was the sense suspended likewise? Did no expression of attitude or countenance fill up the chasm? Was the eye silent? Did you narrowly look?—I looked only at the stop-watch, my Lord.—Excellent observer!

And what of this new book the whole world makes such a rout about?—Oh! 't is out of all plumb, my Lord,—quite an irregular thing!—not one of the angles at the four corners was a right angle.—I had my rule and compasses, &c. my Lord, in my pocket.—

Excellent critic! —And for the epic poem, your lordship bid me look at;—on taking the length, breadth, heighth, and depth of it, and trying them at home upon an exact scale of Bossu's—'t is out, my Lord, in every one of its dimensions. —Amirable connoisseur! —And did you step in, to take a look at the grand picture, in your way back? 'T is a melancholy daub, my Lord, not one principle of the *pyramid* in any one group!—and what a price!—for there is nothing of the colouring of Titian,—the expression of Rubens,—the grace of Raphael,—the purity of Dominichino, the *corregiescity* of Correggio,—the learning of Poussin,—the airs of Guido,—the taste of the Carrachi's—or the grand contour of Angelo,—Grant me patience, just Heaven!—Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world,—tho' the cant of hypocrites may be the worst,—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting.

DEATH.

Philosophy has a fine saying for every thing.—For *Death* it has an entire set; the misery was, they all at once rushed into my father's head, that 't was difficult to string them together, so as to make any thing of a consistent shew out of them.—He took them as they came. "'T is an inevitable chance—the first statute in Magna Charta—it is an everlasting act of parliament my dear brother.—*All must die.*" "Monarchs and princes dance in the same ring with us." "—*To die*, is the great debt and tribute due unto nature: tombs and monuments, which should

perpetuate our memories, pay it themselves! and the proudest pyramid of them all, which wealth and science have erected, has lost its apex, and stands obtruncated in the traveller's horizon. Kingdoms and provinces, and towns and cities, have they not their periods? and when those principles and powers which at first cement and put them together have performed their several evolutions, they fall back."—

"Where is Troy and Mycene, and Thebes and Delos, and Persepolis, and Agrigentum?—What is become of Nineveh, and Babylon, of Cyzicum, and Mitylene? the fairest towns that ever the sun rose upon are now no more: the names only are left, and those (for many of them are wrong spelt) are falling themselves by piece-meal to decay, and in length of time will be forgotten, and involved with every thing in a perpetual night: the world itself must—must come to an end."

"Returning out of Asia, when I sailed from Ægina towards Megara, I began to view the country round about. Ægina was behind me, Megara was before, Pyræus on the right hand, Corinth on the left.—What flourishing towns now prostrate upon the earth! Alas! alas! said I to myself, that man should disturb his soul for the loss of a child, when so much as this lies awfully buried in his presence.—"Remember, said I to myself again—remember thou art a man."—

"My son is dead!—so much the better;—'t is a shame in such a tempest to have but one anchor."

"But he is gone for ever from us!—be it so. He has escaped from under the hands of his barber before he was bald.—He has but risen from a feast before he was surfeited—from a banquet before he was drunken."

"The

Thracians wept when a child was born"—(and we were very near it, quoth my uncle Toby)—"and feasted and made merry when a man went out of the world; and with reason.—Death opens the gate of Fame, and shuts the gate of Envy after it—it unlooses the chain of the captive, and puts the bondsman's task into another man's hand." "Show me the man, who knows what life is, who dreads it, and I'll show thee a prisoner who dreads his liberty." Is it not better to be freed from care and agues, from love and melancholy, and the other hot and cold fits of life, than like a galled traveller, who comes weary to his inn, to be bound to begin his journey afresh? There is no terror in its looks, but what it borrows from groans and convulsions—and the blowing of noses, and the wiping away of tears with the bottoms of curtains in a dying man's room.—Strip it of these, what is it?—Take away its herses, its mutes, and its mourning,—its plumes, 'scutcheons, and other mechanic aids.—What is it?—'t is terrible no way—for—when we are—death is not;—and when death is—we are not. For this reason, 't is worthy to recollect, how little alteration in great men, the approaches of death have made.—Vespasian died in a jest upon his close-stool—Galba with a sentence—Septimius Severus in a dispatch—Tiberius in dissimulation, and Cæsar Augustus in a compliment.

SOME ACCOUNT OF FATHER SHANDY'S OPINIONS.

My father was a gentleman altogether odd and whimsical. In truth, there was not a stage in the life of man, from the very first act of his begetting,—down to the lean and slippered pantaloon in his second childishness, but he had some favourite notion to himself, springing out of it, as sceptical and as far out of the high-way of thinking, as others which have been explained. —Mr. Shandy, my father, sir, would see nothing in the light in which others placed it;—he placed things in his own light;—he would weigh nothing in common scales;—no,—he was too refined a researcher to lie open to so gross an imposition.—To come at the exact weight of things in the scientific steel yard, the fulcrum, he would say, should be almost invisible, to avoid all friction from popular tenets;—without this the minutæ of philosophy, which should always turn the balance, will have no weight at all.—Knowledge, like matter, he would affirm, was divisible *in infinitum;*—that the grains and scruples were as much a part of it, as the gravitation of the whole world.—In a word, he would say, error was error,—no matter where it fell,—whether in a fraction,—or a pound,—'t was alike fatal to truth, as she was kept down at the bottom of her well, as inevitably by a mistake in the dust of a butterfly's wing, as in the disk of the sun, the moon, and all the stars of heaven put together. He would often lament that it was for want of considering this properly, and of applying it skilfully to civil matters, as

well as to speculative truths, that so many things in this world were out of joint;—that the political arch was giving way;—and that the very foundations of our excellent constitution, in church and state, were so sapped, as estimators had reported. You cry out, he would say, we are a ruined, undone people!—Why?—he would ask, making use of the sorites or syllogism of Zeno and Chrysippus, without knowing it belonged to them.—Why? why are we a ruined people?—Because we are corrupted.—Whence is it, dear sir, that we are corrupted?—Because we are needy;—our poverty, and not our wills, consent.—And wherefore, he would add,—are we needy?—From the neglect, he would answer of our pence and our halfpence.—Our bank-notes, sir, our guineas,—nay, our shillings, take care of themselves.

UNCLE TOBY'S GOOD-NATURE.

My uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries—not from want of courage—for, I will add here, that, where just occasions presented or called it forth, I know no man under whose arm I would have sooner taken shelter. Nor did this arise from any insensibility or obtuseness of his intellectual parts, for he felt as feelingly as a man could do. But he was of a peaceful, placid nature; no jarring element in it: all was mixed up so kindly within him, my uncle Toby had scarcely a heart to retaliate on a fly. Go—said he, one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his nose, and tormented him cruelly all dinner-time, and which, after infinite attempts, he had

caught at last as it flew by him.—I 'll not hurt thee—said my uncle Toby, rising from his chair, and going across the room with the fly in his hand.—I 'll not hurt a hair of thy head; go—said he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand as he spoke to let it escape—go, poor devil! get thee gone; why should I hurt thee!—This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me. This lesson of universal good-will, taught by my uncle Toby, may serve instead of a whole volume on the subject.

CORPORAL TRIM'S SYMPATHY.

Was it M'Kay's regiment, said my uncle Toby, where the poor grenadier was so unmercifully whipped at Burges about the ducats?—O Christ! he was innocent! cried Trim, with a deep sigh.—And he was whipp'd, may it please your honour, almost to death's door.—They had better have shot him outright, as he begg'd, and he had gone directly to heaven, for he was as innocent as your honour.---I thank thee, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby. I never think of his, continued Trim, and my poor brother Tom's misfortunes, for we were all three school-fellows, but I cry like a coward.---Tears are no proof of cowardice, Trim,—I drop them oft-times myself, cried my uncle Toby.---I know your honour does, replied Trim, and so am not ashamed of it myself.---But to think, may it please your honour, continued Trim, a tear stealing into the corner of his eye as he spoke---to think of two virtuous lads, with hearts as warm in their bodies, and as honest as God could make them---

the children of honest people, going forth with gallant spirits to seek their fortunes in the world---and fall into such evils!---poor Tom! to be tortured upon a rack for nothing but marrying a Jew's widow who sold sausages---honest Dick Johnson's soul to be scourged out of his body, for the ducats another man put into his knapsack!---Oh!---these are misfortunes, cried Trim, pulling out his handkerchief---these are misfortunes, may it please your honour, worth lying down and crying over.

---My father could not help blushing.

---'T would be a pity, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, thou should'st ever feel sorrow of thy own---thou feelest it so tenderly for others.---Alack-a-day, replied the corporal, brightening up his face, your honour knows I have neither wife nor child---I can have no sorrows in this world.---My father could not help smiling.---As few as any man, Trim, replied my uncle Toby; nor can I see how a fellow of thy light heart can suffer, but from the distress of poverty in thy old age---when thou art past all services, Trim,---and thou hast out-lived thy friends.---An' please your honour, never fear, replied Trim, cheerily.---I would have thee never fear, Trim, replied my uncle, and therefore, continued my uncle Toby, throwing down his crutch, and rising upon his legs as he uttered the word *therefore* in recompense, Trim, of thy long fidelity to me, and that goodness of thy heart I have had such proofs of, whilst thy master is worth a shilling---thou shalt never ask elsewhere, Trim, for a penny. Trim attempted to thank my uncle Toby---but had not power---tears trickled down his cheeks faster than he could wipe them off.---He laid his hand upon his breast---made a bow to the ground, and shut the door.

TRIM'S EXPLANATION OF THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT.

—Pr'ythee, Trim, quoth my father, —What dost thou mean, by "honouring thy father and mother?" —Allowing them, an't please your honour, three halfpence a day out of my pay, when they grow old. —And didst thou do that, Trim? said Yorick.—He did indeed, replied my uncle Toby.—Then, Trim, said Yorick, springing out of his chair, and taking the corporal by the hand, thou art the best commentator on that part of the Decalogue; and I honour thee more for it, corporal Trim, than if thou hadst had a hand in the Talmud itself.

TRIM'S ELOQUENCE.

—My young master in London is dead! said Obadiah.—Here is sad news, Trim, cried Susannah, wiping her eyes as Trim stepped into the kitchen,—master Bobby is dead and buried. I lament for him from my heart and soul, said Trim, fetching a sigh.—Poor creature!—poor boy!—poor gentleman!—He was alive last Whitsuntide, said the coachman.—Whitsuntide! alas! cried Trim, extending his right arm, and falling instantly into the same attitude in which he read the sermon,—what is Whitsuntide, Jonathan, (for that was the coachman's name) or Shrovetide, or any tide or time past, to this? Are we not here now, continued the corporal, (striking the end of his stick perpendicularly upon the floor, so

as to give an idea of health and stability) and are we not—(dropping his hat upon the ground) gone in a moment?—It was infinitely striking! Susannah burst into a flood of tears.—We are not stocks and stones.—Jonathan, Obadiah, and the cook-maid, all melted.—The foolish fat scullion herself, who was scouring a fish-kettle upon her knees, was roused with it—the whole kitchen crouded about the corporal.

—"Are we not here now, and gone in a moment?"—There was nothing in the sentence—it was one of your self-evident truths we have the advantage of hearing every day; and if Trim had not trusted more to his hat than his head—he had made nothing at all of it.

—"Are we not here now;" continued the corporal, "and are we not," (dropping his hat pumb upon the ground—and pausing, before he pronounced the word) "gone! in a moment?" The descent of the hat was as if a heavy lump of clay had been kneaded into the crown of it.—Nothing could have expressed the sentiment of mortality, of which it was the type and forerunner, like it;—his hand seemed to vanish from under it, it fell dead,—the corporal's eye fixed upon it as upon a corpse,—and Susannah burst into a flood of tears.

Trim took his hat off the ground,—put it upon his head,—and then went on with his oration on death in the manner and form following.

—To us, [Jonathan, who know not what want or care is—who live here in the service of two of the best of masters (bating, in my own case, his majesty King William the Third, whom I had the honour to serve both in Ireland and Flanders)—I own it, that from Whitsuntide to within three weeks of Christmas, 'tis not long,—'t is like

nothing; but to those, Jonathan, who know what death is, and what havock and destruction he can make, before a man can well wheel about,—'t is like a whole age.—O Jonathan! 'twould make a good natur'd man's heart bleed, to consider, continued the corporal (standing perpendicularly), how low many a brave and upright fellow has been laid since that time! — And trust me! Susy, added the corporal, turning to Susannah, whose eyes were swimming in water,—before that time comes round again,—many a bright eye will be dim. Susannah placed it to the right side of the page—she wept — but she curt'sied too.—Are we not, continued Trim, looking still at Susannah—are we not like a flower of the field —a tear of pride stole in betwixt every two tears of humiliation—else no tongue could have described Susannah's affliction—is not all flesh grass!—'t is clay,—'t is dirt.—They all looked directly at the scullion—the scullion had just been scouring a fish-kettle.—It was not fair.— —What is the finest face that ever man looked at?—I could hear Trim talk so for ever, cried Susannah, what is it! (Susannah laid her hand upon Trim's shoulder)—but corruption?—Susannah took it off. —Now I love you for this —and 't is this delicious mixture within you, which makes you dear creatures what you are—and he who hates you for it—all I can say of the matter, is—that he has either a pumkin for his head—or a pippin for his heart,—and whenever he is dissected 't will be found so. For my own part, I declare it, that out of doors, I value not death at all:—not this . . . added the corporal, snapping his fingers,—but with an air which no one but the corporal could have given

to the sentiment.—In battle, I value death not this.—and let him not take me cowardly, like poor Joe Gibbons, in scouring his gun—what is he? A pull of a trigger—a push of a bayonet, an inch this way or that—makes the difference.—Look along the line—to the right—see! Jack's down! well—'t is worth a regiment of horse to him.—No—'t is Dick. Then Jack 's no worse.—Never mind which,—we pass on,—in hot pursuit, the wound itself which brings him is not felt—the best way is to stand up to him—the man who flies is in ten times more danger than the man who marches up into his jaws.—I've look'd him, added the corporal, an hundred times in the face, and know what he is.—He 's nothing, Obadiah, at all in the field.—But he 's very frightful in a house, quoth Obadiah.—I never mind it myself, said Jonathan, upon a coach-box.—It must, in my opinion, be most natural in bed, replied Susannah.—And could I escape him by creeping into the worst calf's skin that ever was made into a knap-sack, I would do it there—said Trim—but that is nature.—Nature is nature, said Jonathan.—And that is the reason, cried Susannah, I so much pity my mistress.—She will never get the better of it.—Now I pity the captain the most of any one in the family, answered Trim.—Madam will get ease of heart in weeping—and the Squire in talking about it,—but my poor master will keep it all in silence to himself.—I shall hear him sigh in his bed for a whole month together.

An' please your honour, do not sigh so piteously, I would say to him as I lay beside him. I cannot help it, Trim, my master would say,—'t is so melancholy an accident—I cannot get it off my heart.—

Your honour fears not death yourself.—I hope, Trim, I fear nothing, he would add, but the doing of a wrong thing.

AN APOSTROPHE TO CORPORAL TRIM.

The corporal.—Tread lightly on his ashes, ye men of genius,—for he was your kinsman:—Weed his grave clean, ye men of goodness,—for he was your brother.—O corporal! had I thee, but now,—now, that I am able to give thee a dinner and protection,—how would I cherish thee! thou should'st wear thy Montero cap every hour of the day, and every day of the week,—and when it was worn out, I would purchase thee a couple like it:—but alas! alas! alas! now that I can do this, in spight of their reverences—the occasion is lost—for thou art gone;—thy genius fled up to the stars from whence it came;—and that warm heart of thine, with all its generous and open vessels, compressed into a *clod of the valley.!*

—But what—what is this, to that future and dreaded page, where I look towards the velvet pall, decorated with the military ensigns of thy master—the first—the foremost of created beings; where I shall see thee, faithful servant! laying his sword and scabbard with a trembling hand across his coffin, and then returning pale as ashes to the door, to take his mourning horse by the bridle to follow his herse, as he directed thee;—where—all my father's systems shall be baffled by his sorrows;—and, in spight of his philosophy, I shall behold him, as he inspects the lackered plate, twice taking his spectacles from off his

nose, to wipe away the dew which nature has shed upon them.—When I see him cast in the rosemary with an air of disconsolation, which cries through my ears,—O Toby! in what corner of the world shall I seek thy fellow? —Gracious powers! which erst have opened the lips of the dumb in his distress, and made the tongue of the stammerer speak plain—when I shall arrive at this dreaded page, deal not with me then with a stinted hand!

THE CHARACTER OF YORICK.

—The parson had made himself a country talk, by a breach of all decorum, which he had committed against himself, his station, and his office;—and that was in never appearing better, or otherwise mounted, than upon a lean, sorry, jack-ass of a horse, value about one pound fifteen shillings; who, to shorten all description of him, was full brother to Rosinante, as far as similitude congenial could make him; for he answered his description to a hair's breadth in every thing,—except that I do not remember 't is any where said, that Rosinante was broken winded, and that, moreover, Rosinante, as is the happiness of most Spanish horses, fat or lean,—was undoubtedly a horse at all points. I know very well that the Hanoʼs horse was a horse of chaste deportment, which may have given grounds for a contrary opinion: but it is certain at the same time, that Rosinante's continency (as may be demonstrated from the adventure of the Yanguesian carriers) proceeded from no bodily defect or cause whatsoever, but from the temperance and order-

ly current of his blood,—and let me tell you there is a great deal of very good chastity in the world, in behalf of which you could not say more for your life.—I could not stifle this distinction in favour of Don Quixote's horse;—in all other points the parson's horse, I say, was just such another,—for he was as lean and as lank, and as sorry a jade, as HUMILITY herself could have bestrided. In the estimation of here and there a man of weak judgment, it was greatly in the parson's power to have helped the figure of this horse of his, for he was master of a very handsome demi-peak'd saddle, quilted upon the seat with green plush, garnished with a double row of silver headed studs, and a noble pair of shining brass stirrups, with a housing altogether suitable, of gray superfine cloth, with an edging of black lace, terminating in a deep black silk fringe, *poudre d'or*,—all which he had purchased in the pride and prime of his life, together with a grand embossed bridle, ornamented at all points as it should be.—But not caring to banter his beast, he had hung all these up behind his study door;—and, in lieu of them, had seriously befitted him with just such a bridle and such a saddle as the figure and value of such a steed might well and truly deserve.

In the several sallies about his parish, and in the neighbouring visits to the gentry who lived around him,—you will easily comprehend that the parson, so appointed, would both hear and see enough to keep his philosophy from rusting. To speak the truth, he never could enter a village, but he caught the attention of both old and young.—Labour stood still as he pass'd, the bucket hung suspended in the middle of the well,—the spinning-wheel forgot its round,—

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even chuck-farthing and shuttle-cap themselves stood gaping till he was out of sight: and as his movement was not of the quickest, he had generally time enough on his hands to make his observations,—to hear the groans of the serious—and the laughter of the light hearted;—all which he bore with excellent tranquillity.

—His character was,—he loved a jest in his heart—and as he saw himself in the true point of ridicule, he would say, he could not be angry with others for seeing him in a light, in which he so strongly saw himself: so that to his friends, who knew his foible was not the love of money, and who therefore made the less scruple in bantering the extravagance of his humour,—instead of giving the true cause,—he chose rather to join in the laugh against himself, and as he never carried one single ounce of flesh upon his own bones, being altogether as spare a figure as his beast,—he would sometimes insist upon it, that the horse was as good as the rider deserved,—that they were centaur-like,—both of a piece. At other times, and in other moods, when his spirits were above the temptation of false wit,—he would say, he found himself going off fast in a consumption: and with great gravity would pretend, he could not bear the sight of a fat horse without a dejection of heart, and a sensible alteration in his pulse; and that he had made choice of the lean one he rode upon, not only to keep himself in countenance, but in spirits. At different times he would give fifty humourous and opposite reasons for riding a meek-spirited jade of a broken-winded horse, preferable to one of mettle—for on such a one he could sit mechanically; and meditate as delightfully *de vanitate mundi et fuga sæculi*, as with the advantage

of a death's head before him;—that, in all other exercitations, he could spend his time, as he rode slowly along—to as much account as in his study;—that he could draw up an argument in his sermon,—or a hole in his breeches, as steadily upon the one as in the other;—that brisk trotting and slow argumentation, like wit and judgment, were two incompatible movements.—But that, upon his steed—he could unite and reconcile every thing,—he could compose his sermon,—he could compose his cough,—and, in case nature gave a call that way, he could likewise compose himself to sleep.—In short, the parson on such encounters would assign any cause but the true cause,—and he withheld the true one, only out of a nicety of temper, because he thought it did honour to him. But the truth of the story was as follows: In the first years of this gentleman's life, and about the time when the superb saddle and bridle were purchased by him, it had been his manner, or vanity, or call it what you will,—to run into the opposite extreme.—In the language of the country where he dwelt, he was said to have loved a good horse, and generally had one of the best in the whole parish standing in his stable always ready for saddling; and as the nearest midwife did not live nearer to the village than seven miles, and in a vile country, it so fell out, that the poor gentleman was scarcely a whole week together without some pitcous application for his beast; and as he was not an unkind-hearted man, and every case was more pressing and more distressful than the last,—as much as he loved his beast, he had never a heart to refuse him; the upshot of which was generally this, that his horse was either clapp'd, or spavin'd, or greaz'd,—or he

was twitter-bon'd, or broken-winded, or something, in short, or other had befallen him which would let him carry no flesh:—so that he had every nine or ten months a bad horse to get rid of,—and a good horse to purchase in his stead. What the loss in such a balance might amount to *communibus annis*, I would leave to a special jury of sufferers in the same traffic to determine;—but let it be what it would, the honest gentleman bore it for many years without a murmur, till, at length, by repeated ill accidents of the kind, he found it necessary to take the thing under consideration; and on weighing the whole, and summing it up in his mind, he found it not only disproportion'd to his other expenses, but with all so heavy an article in itself, as to disable him from any other act of generosity in his parish: besides this, he considered, that with half the sum thus galloped away he could do ten times as much good;—and what still weighed more with him than all other considerations put together, was this, that it confined all his charity into one particular channel, and where, as he fancied, it was the least wanted, namely, to the child-bearing and child-getting part of his parish; reserving nothing for the impotent,—nothing for the aged,—nothing for the many comfortless scenes he was hourly called forth to visit, where poverty, and sickness, and affliction dwelt together. For these reasons he resolved to discontinue the expense; and there appeared but two possible ways to extricate him clearly out of it;—and these were either to make it an irrevocable law never more to lend his steed on any application whatever,—or else to be content to ride the last poor devil, such as they had made him, with all his aches

and infirmities, to the very end of the chapter. As he dreaded his own constancy in the first,—he very cheerfully betook himself to the second; and tho' he could very well have explained it, as I said, to his honour,—yet for that very reason, he had a spirit above it; chusing rather to bear the contempt of his enemies, and the laughter of his friends, than undergo the pain of telling a story, which might seem a panegyric on himself. I have the highest idea of the spiritual and refined sentiments of this reverend gentleman, from this single stroke in his character, which I think comes up to any of the honest refinements of the peerless knight of la Mancha, whom, by the bye, with all his follies, I love more, and would actually have gone farther to have paid a visit to, than the greatest hero of antiquity. But this is not the moral of my story: the thing I had in view was to shew the temper of the world in the whole of this affair.—For you must know, that so long as this explanation would have done the parson credit,—the devil a soul could find it out;—I suppose his enemies would not, and that his friends could not.—But no sooner did he bestir himself in behalf of a midwife, to dwell in the village, and pay the expenses of the ordinary's license to set her up,—but the whole secret came out; every horse he had lost, and two horses more than ever he had lost, with all the circumstances of their destruction, were known and distinctly remembered.—The story ran like wild-fire—'The parson had a returning fit of pride which had just seized him, and he was going to be well mounted once again in his life; and if it were so, 't was plain as the sun at noon-day, he would pocket the expense of the li-

cense ten times told the very first year:—so that every body was left to judge what were his views in this act of charity.

What were his views in this, and in every other action of his life,—or rather what were the opinions which floated in the brains of other people concerning it, was a thought which too much floated in his own, and too often broke in on his rest, when he should have been sound asleep.

About ten years ago this gentleman had the good fortune to be made entirely easy on that score,—it being just so long since he left his parish,—and the whole world at the same time behind him—and stands accountable to a judge of whom he will have no cause to complain.

But there is a fatality attends the actions of some men: order them as they will, they pass through a certain medium, which so twists and refracts them from their true directions—that, with all the titles to praise which a rectitude of heart can give, the doers of them are nevertheless forced to live and die without it.

—He was as mercurial and sublimated a composition,—as heteroclite a creature in all his declensions—with as much life and whim, and *gaieté de cœur* about him, as the kindliest climate could have engendered and put together. With all this sail, poor Yorick carried not one ounce of ballast; he was utterly unpractised in the world; and at the age of twenty-six, knew just about as well how to steer his course in it, as a romping unsuspicious girl of thirteen: so that on his first setting out, the brisk gale of his spirits, as you will imagine, ran him foul ten times in a day of somebody's tackling; and as the grave and more slow-paced were oftenest in his way,—you may likewise imagine 'twas with such he had generally

the ill luck to become the most entangled. For aught I know, there might be some mixture of unlucky wit at the bottom of such *fracas*.—For, to speak the truth, Yorick had an invincible dislike and opposition in his nature to gravity;—not to gravity as such—for where gravity was wanted, he would be the most grave and serious of mortal men for days and weeks together;—but he was an enemy to the affectation of it, and declared open war against it, only as it appeared a cloak for ignorance, or for folly; and then, whenever it fell in his way, however sheltered and protected, he seldom gave it much quarter.

Sometimes, in his wild way of talking, he would say, that gravity was an arrant scoundrel! and he would add,—of the most dangerous kind too,—because a sly one; and that he verily believed, more honest well-meaning people were bubbled out of their goods and money by it in one twelvemonth, than by pocket-picking and shop-lifting in seven. In the naked temper which a merry heart discovered, he would say, there was no danger—but to itself;—whereas the very essence of gravity was design, and consequently deceit:—It was a taught trick, to gain credit of the world for more sense and knowledge than a man was worth; and that with all its pretensions,—it was no better, but often worse, than what a French wit had long ago defined it, viz. *A mysterious carriage of the body to cover the defects of the mind*;—which definition of gravity Yorick, with great imprudence, would say, deserved to be written in letters of gold.

But, in plain truth, he was a man unbackneyed and unpractised in the world, and was altogether as indiscreet and foolish on every other subject of discourse, where policy is

wont to impress restraint. Yorick had no impression but one, and that was what arose from the nature of the deed spoken of; which impression he would usually translate into plain English without any periphrasis,—and too oft without much distinction of either personage, time, or place;—so that when mention was made of a pitiful or an ungenerous proceeding,—he never gave himself a moment's time to reflect who was the hero of the piece—what his station—or how far he had power to hurt him hereafter;—but if it were a dirty action,—without more ado,—the man was a dirty fellow—and so on. And as his comments had usually the ill fate to be terminated either in a *bon mot*, or to be enlivened throughout with some drollery or humour of expression, it gave wings to Yorick's indiscretion. In a word, tho' he never sought, yet at the same time, as he seldom shunned occasions of saying what came uppermost, and without much ceremony,—he had but too many temptations in life, of scattering his wit and his humour, his gibes and his jests about him.—They were not lost for want of gathering. What were the consequences, and what was Yorick's catastrophe thereupon, you will read as follows. The mortgager and the mortgagee differ the one from the other, not more in length of purse, than the jester and jestee do in that of memory. But in this the comparison between them runs, as the scholiasts call it, upon all four; which, by the bye, is upon one or two legs more, than some of the best of Homer's can pretend to;—namely, that the one raises a sum and the other a laugh at your expense, and think no more about it. Interest, however, still runs on in both cases;—the princi-

ical or accidental payments of it, just serving to keep the memory of the affair alive; till at length, in some evil hour—pop comes the creditor on each, and by demanding principal on the spot, together with full interest to the very day, makes them both feel the full extent of their obligations. As the reader (for I hate your *if's*) has a thorough knowledge of human nature, I need not say more to satisfy him, that my hero could not go on at this rate, without some slight experience of these incidental mementos. To speak the truth, he had wantonly involved himself in a multitude of small book debts of this stamp, which, notwithstanding Eugenius's frequent advice, he too much disregarded, thinking that as not one of them was contracted through any malignancy—but, on the contrary, from an honesty of mind, and a mere jocundity of humour, they would all of them be crossed out in course. Eugenius would never admit this, and would often tell him, that one day or other he would certainly be reckoned with; and he would often add in an accent of sorrowful apprehension—to the uttermost mite. To which Yorick, with his usual carelessness of heart, would as often answer with a pshaw!—and if the subject were started in the fields with a hop, skip, and a jump, at the end of it; but if close pent up in the social chimney-corner, where the culprit was barricado'd in, with a table and a couple of arm-chairs, and could not so readily fly off in a tangent,—Eugenius would then go on with his lecture on discretion, in words to this purpose, tho' somewhat better put together. Trust me, dear Yorick, this unwary pleasantry of thine will, sooner or later, bring thee into scrapes and difficulties, which no al-

ter-wit can extricate thee out of.—In these sallies, too oft, I see it happens, that a person laughed at, considers himself in the light of a person injured, with all the rights of such a situation belonging to him; and when thou viewest him in that light too; and reckonest up his friends, his family, his kindred, his allies,—and musterest up with them the many recruits which will list under him from a sense of common danger;—'t is no extravagant arithmetic to say, that for every ten jokes,—thou hast made an hundred enemies; and till thou hast gone on, and raised a swarm of wasps about thy ears, and art half stung to death by them, thou wilt never be convinced it is so.—I cannot suspect it in the man whom I esteem, that there is the least spur from spleen or malevolence of intent in these sallies,—I believe and know them to be truly honest and sportive:—but consider, my dear lad, that fools cannot distinguish this, and that knaves will not; and thou knowest not what it is, either to provoke the one, or to make merry with the other;—whenever they associate for mutual defence, depend upon it, they will carry on the war in such a manner against thee, my dear friend, as to make thee heartily sick of it, and of thy life too. Ravenge from some baneful corner shall level a tale of dishonour at thee, which no innocence of heart or integrity of conduct shall set right.—The fortunes of thy house shall totter,—thy character, which led the way to them, shall bleed on every side of it,—thy faith questioned,—thy works belied,—thy wit forgotten,—thy learning trampled on. To wind up the last scene of thy tragedy, Cruelty and Cowardice, twin-ruffians, hired and set on by Malice in the dark, shall strike

together at all thy infirmities and mistakes:—the best of us, my dear lad, lie open there;—and trust me,—trust me, Yorick, *when to gratify a private appetite it is once resolved on, that an innocent and an helpless creature shall be sacrificed, 'tis an easy matter to pick up sticks enow from any thicket where it has strayed, to make a fire to offer it up with.*. Yorick scarcely ever heard this sad vaticination of his destiny read over to him, but with a tear stealing from his eye, and a promissory look attending it, that he was resolved for the time to come, to ride his tit with more sobriety. —But, alas! too late!—a grand confederacy, with ***** and ***** at the head of it, was formed before the first prediction of it.—The whole plan of the attack, just as Eugenius had foreboded, was put in execution all at once,—with so little mercy on the side of the allies, and so little suspicion in Yorick, of what was carrying on against him—that when he thought, good easy man! full surely preferment was o'ripening, they had smote his root, and then he fell, as many a worthy man had fallen before him.

Yorick, however, fought it out with all imaginable gallantry for some time; till, overpowered by numbers, and worn out at length by the calamities of the war,—but more so, by the ungenerous manner in which it was carried on,—he threw down the sword; and tho' he kept up his spirits in appearance to the last,—he died, nevertheless, as was generally thought, quite broken-hearted.—What inclined Eugenius to the same opinion was as follows:

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YORICK'S DEATH.

A few hours before Yorick breathed his last, Eugenius stept in, with an intent to take his last sight and last farewell of him. On his drawing Yorick's curtain, and asking how he felt himself, Yorick looking up in his face, took hold of his hand,—and, after thanking him for the many tokens of his friendship to him, for which, he said, if it were their fate to meet hereafter, he would thank him again and again; he told him, he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the slip for ever.—I hope not, answered Eugenius, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tenderest tone that ever man spoke,—I hope not, Yorick, said he.—Yorick replied with a look up, and a gentle squeeze of Eugenius's hand, and that was all,—but it cut Eugenius to his heart.—Come, come, Yorick, quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and summoning up the man within him,—my dear lad, be comforted,—let not all thy spirits and fortitude forsake thee at this crisis when thou most wantest them;—who knows what resources are in store, and what the power of God may yet do for thee?—Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently shook his head. For my part, continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words,—I declare, I know not, Yorrick, how to part with thee; and would gladly flatter my hopes, added Eugenius, cheering up his voice, that there is still enough left of thee to make a bishop,—and that I may live to see it.—I beseech thee, Eugenius, quoth Yorick, taking off his night-cap as well as he could with his left hand,—his right being still

grasped close in that of Eugenius,—I beseech thee to take a view of my head.—I see nothing that ails it, replied Eugenius. Then, alas! my friend, said Yorick, let me tell you, that it is so bruised and misshapened with the blows which have been so unhandsomely given me in the dark, that I might say with Sancho Pancha, that should I recover, and mitres thereupon be suffered to rain down from heaven as thick as hail, not one of them would fit it."—Yorick's last breath was hanging upon his trembling lips, ready to depart as he uttered this;—yet still it was uttered with something of a Cervantic tone;—and as he spoke it, Eugenius could perceive a stream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes;—faint picture of those flashes of his spirit, which (as Shakespear said of his ancestor) were wont to set the table in a roar! Eugenius was convinced from this, that the heart of his friend was broken; he squeezed his hand,—and then walked softly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door,—he then closed them,—and never opened them more. He lies buried in a corner of his church-yard, under a plain marble slab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than these three words of inscription, serving both for his epitaph and elegy—

Alas, poor YORICK!

Ten times a day has Yorick's ghost the consolation to hear his monumental inscription read over with

such a variety of plaintive tones, as denote a general pity and esteem for him;—a foot-way crossing the church-yard close by the side of his grave,—not a passenger goes by without stopping to cast a look on it,—and sighing as he walks on,

Alas, poor YORICK!

AN APOSTROPHE TO UNCLE TOBY.

Here,—my heart stops me to pay to thee, my dear uncle Toby, once for all, the tribute I owe thy goodness.—Here let me thrust my chair aside, and kneel down upon the ground, whilst I am pouring forth the warmest sentiments of love for thee, and veneration for the excellency of thy character, that ever virtue and nature kindled in a nephew's bosom.—Peace and comfort rest for evermore upon thy head!—Thou envied'st no man's comforts,—insulted'st no man's opinions.—Thou blackened'st no man's character,—devoured'st no man's bread: gently, with faithful Trim behind thee, didst thou amble round the little circle of thy pleasures, jostling no creature in thy way;—for each one's service, thou hadst a tear,—for each man's need, thou hadst a shilling. Whilst I am worth one to pay a weeder,—thy path from thy door to thy bowling-green shall never be grown up.—Whilst there is a rood and a half of land in the Shandy family, thy fortifications, my dear uncle Toby, shall never be demolish'd.

AN EULOGIUM ON STERNE,

as delivered by Mrs. Henry, at the La Belle Assemblée.

Alas! poor Yorick!—the powers of imagination and feeling agitate my fame, and every fibre trembles as I hold up thy sacred character,* to those who have so long paid it the tribute of admiration. Faint description is all that we can display—an ineffectual shadow—oh! were it possible to decorate it with the proper emblems of thy genius—those precious portraits of thy gentle spirit; and those vivid pictures, whose colours were dipt in the heaven of thy soul, what a group should we exhibit!—then would this assembly bless the tongue of the speaker—then should this roof re-echo with applause! Not a hand, not a heart, should be still!—Those personages to whom thou hast given life, language, and immortality should all do homage to thee.—The children of thy own creation should arise.—Thy Corporal should make the Corporal's bow—but make it in such a sort, as manifested his gratitude, even in heaven, for the honest heart which thou gavest him on earth.—Uncle Toby should march forward, and kiss, with martial fervor, the shrine of his maker.—Alas! poor Yorick! should he say—a fellow of infinite jest—I knew him well!—Le Fevre should attend—attend thee in life's last moments—even while his soul was at his lips and fluttered between earth and heaven.—The pulse should move—then stop—then go on—but not wholly cease to throb—till he had cast one look at his weeping little boy—and with his last breath had consecrated this

* Holding up a picture.

character of Yorick. Even poor Maria—that luckless and loveliest maiden, should be near to worship thee.—The tendril-bound vine leaf—the string which held Fidelia to her side—and her spirit soothing pipe—yea—and the tear-drenched handkerchief, which she dried in her bosom—should all be dedicated—not to the virgin, but to thee—thou friend of the wanderer! to thee who begged of God to temper the wind to the shorn lamb. Haply the accusing angel might appear to deliver into heaven's chancery some charges against thee—but depend on it, the angels of charity, philanthropy, and pity, would not be far off.—Would those whom thou hast so often honoured, suffer aught to fix in yonder register against thee?—oh! no—they would drop an heavenly tear upon the recording page of thy faults—and blot them out for ever.

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George Nicholson, College. Ludlow.